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# POEMS.

BY

HELEN M. JOHNSON.

---

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,  
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow,  
Or wake the bosom-melting throe  
    With Shenstone's art,  
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow  
    Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath the unrivalled rose  
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;  
Though large the forest's monarch throws  
    His army shade,  
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows  
    Adown the glade."      BURNS.

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## PREFACE.

At the request of friends these poems are submitted to the public eye. To them it will prove an acceptable offering; but I know there is truth in the words of Cowper, that "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, and another to write what may please everybody."

I am not so vain as to expect to please "everybody;" no, for I feel sensibly that these pages will not bear the scrutinizing gaze of the critic. Should such a one happen to glance over them, though he may perhaps smile at my folly for thus intruding myself into the sacred grove of Poesy, still I would ask him to make every allowance for my youth (these poems having been written at an early age), and for my circumstances in life; and also let him remember that the feeblest efforts which have ever been made in a great and good

cause have sometimes been crowned with success, and blessed to the good of others.

Although I do not even dare to hope for distinction, yet I have been cheered and encouraged by the thought that perhaps through my instrumentality the heart of some humble believer might be comforted, and some wretched wanderer, weary of the vanities of earth, be directed to the only source of life and happiness.

Should such be the case, the brightest hopes of the authoress will be fulfilled, and she herself be amply compensated for her care and labor.

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## THE PROMISES.

---

### PART I.

Thou mighty God ! who fill'st existence with thyself alone ;  
 Before whose throne, whose great, all-glorious and eternal  
 throne,

The angels, pure in every thought, kneel with a covered  
 brow,

And seraphim and cherubim with blushes breathe their  
 vow ; —

Thou uncreated One ! who wast from everlasting God,  
 Who makest time, space and eternity, thine own abode ;  
 Thou all-creating One ! who out of Chaos' deepest night  
 Called suns, and worlds on worlds, and from the blackest  
 darkness, light ;

Who uttereth thine awful voice, and all creation quakes ;  
 Who stretcheth forth thy mighty arm, and every atom  
 shakes

That forms the universe, while planets are on planets  
 hurled

At thy omnipotent command, and world clashes with  
 world ; —

Then thou canst speak in softened accents, at thy will,  
 And raging orbs and roaring elements are hushed and  
 still ; —

Even to Thee, O mighty God ! I come, while in my breast,  
 Unclean and all unholy, sins dark and direful rest.

But, O ! consume me not in thy displeasure, though I dare,  
 A worm of dust, to lift my voice to thee ; in mercy spare ;

And though thou art so terrible and greatly to be feared ;  
 Although by angels high and mighty, thou art, O God !  
     revered ;  
 Though mortals cannot bear the glory of thy unveiled face ;  
 Though mortal eyes cannot endure to view thy dwelling-  
     place ;  
 Although the human form that dares approach thee must  
     expire,  
 As when in glory thou didst stand on Sinai's mount of  
     fire,  
 And in a voice of thunder badst the trembling crowd  
     withdraw,  
 And set them bounds, quaking with fear and overpowered  
     with awe,  
 Lest they in some unguarded hour should pierce the fiery  
     cloud  
 That hung around the mountain's brow, thine awful form  
     to shroud,  
 And perish, perish for the rash and the presumptuous act ;  
 Yet I, the vilest of thy works, and with a spirit racked  
 With bitter passions and dark thoughts, call on thy holy  
     name ;  
 Nor vainly call ; though weak, though frail, thy mercy I  
     can claim ;  
 Yes, even I, a thing of clay, can kneel thy throne before,  
 And even I with angels can thy attributes adore,  
 And unconsumed ask blessings at the hand which shows  
     the way  
 For burning orbs, revolving planets, and for suns to stray.  
 Yet not in my own strength, O God ! dare I approach to  
     thee ;  
 But in the strength of thy dear Son, who bled and died  
     for me.  
 O, not for merits of mine own dare I to plead my cause,  
 For I have sinned, and 'neath my feet have trampled all  
     thy laws ;  
 Yet my Redeemer pleads for me before thy mighty throne.  
 And though thou wilt not grant a boon that's sought by  
     me alone,  
 Gaze on thy Son, thy well-beloved : 't is in his name I dare  
 To offer my petition, for on the cursed tree he bare

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My sins, thine anger to appease, and to restore a race  
Cursed long before, that they trusting in him might view  
thy face

One day in peace, and through him offer up their prayers  
to thee.

Then, for his sake alone, Almighty God, gaze upon me !  
And while his blood sprinkles the altar and the mercy-  
seat,

And my High Priest kindles an incense holy, pure and  
sweet,

Let the sin-offering prevail with thee, and cleanse my soul ;  
Free it from every earthly stain,—from Satan's dark  
control,—

And give, O give, my name within the book of life a part ;  
And while thou writest there mine own, write *thine* upon  
my heart.

Thou King of kings, Almighty One ! bend unto me the ear  
That listens to the music of every rolling sphere,  
And guide, O guide my feeble hand to strike my slumber-  
ing lyre

To strains harmonious and divine, and every thought  
inspire.

Withdraw the clouds that shade my mortal sight, and let  
me sing

In tones not jarring to an angel's ear, and let me bring  
Unto thy name, Almighty God, no unmeet offering.

In the dark vault of uncreated night

A voice is heard, —and glory springs to light ;

From Chaos' halls a strain of music flows,

And heaven's broad arch with brighter splendor glows ;

The morning stars their sweetest songs employ,

The sons of God together shout for joy ;

For, lo ! around the brightly gleaming pole,

Behold the new-born earth in beauty roll.

Proudly 'mid shining spheres she holds her way,

While sunlit streams of glory round her play,

And waving trees, in verdant garments dressed,

And fadeless flowers adorn her spotless breast ;

And golden fruits, like which nor land nor clime  
 Has e'er produced since that auspicious time.  
 The myrtle and the noble palm arise,  
 Bearing sweet incense to the azure skies,  
 With lofty cedars, pine and shapely box,  
 While 'neath their shadows roam the gentle flocks ;  
 And in the boughs the plumaged songsters sing  
 In notes celestial, or with outspread wing  
 Fly far aloft and cleave the balmy air,  
 Which floats around pure and untainted there,  
 While peaceful streams of water calmly glide,  
 Sparkling like gems, and bearing with their tide  
 A gentle strain of music soft and low ;  
 But as the streamlets widen in their flow,  
 The strains arise louder and louder still,  
 Reëchoed by spreading grove and hill,  
 And brighter yet the waving waters glance,  
 Till mingled with the ocean's broad expanse,  
 Which through the day reflects the sun on high,  
 And stars at eve upon its bosom lie.

All nature then in living verdure smiled,  
 Mingling the fair, the beautiful, the wild,  
 In pleasing contrast ; here, a varied scene  
 Of shaggy hills, with lovely vales between ;  
 There, crystal lakes of heaven's delightful blue,  
 Fringed with green shrubs and flowers of every hue.  
 All nature smiled ; but with a nobler grace,  
 And sweeter far, she showed her lovely face  
 In Eden's garden ; there in brightest hues  
 She decked each lofty tree ; and pearly dew  
 Adorned the bosom of the thornless rose  
 And snow-white lilies in their sweet repose ;  
 While beauty used her utmost skill and power  
 To decorate the sacred nuptial bower.

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And through the walks a noble being trod,  
 Made in the image of his glorious God ;  
 Erect in form, graceful in every limb,  
 For sickness ne'er had cast its blight o'er him ;  
 His brow unruffled by a single care,  
 For innocence and purity were there ;  
 His eye the index of a happy soul,  
 Unstained by sin or sorrow's dark control ;  
 His heart, the seat of holiness and love,  
 Pure as the angels' in their homes above ;  
 Where one unholy thought had never been,  
 For he had never felt the curse of sin.  
 And by his side stood one more dear than life,  
 Beloved next to his God, his smiling wife ;  
 Gentle and fair, in every motion grace,  
 With heaven's angelic light upon her face ;  
 Timid and loving, and untaught by art,  
 And heaven itself within her sinless heart.

With arm in arm the guileless beings rove  
 Along the river through the spreading grove ;  
 They tend the luscious fruits and fragrant flowers,  
 And deck with brighter charms the blooming bowers ;  
 Communing in a calm and happy frame,  
 Or singing praises to their Maker's name ;  
 While angels often left their starry home,  
 Awhile in Eden's Paradise to roam ;  
 And even God would from his throne descend,  
 To hold commune with man, his sinless friend.

O, happy beings ! — blest where'er ye trod  
 With the fond smile of an approving God ;  
 Blest with the presence of a heavenly guest ;  
 Blest with a stainless heart, a quiet breast ;  
 Blest with a home which angels might adore,  
 How could ye seek, or even *wish* for more ?

But, lo! the Serpent speaks! — the woman hears!  
 His tempting words fall softly on her ears;  
 And lured by these, unheeding God's command,  
 She rashly stretches forth her eager hand.  
 O, Eve, forbear! touch not that fatal tree;  
 The penalty is death to thine and thee.  
 Beware! beware! earth from its centre shrieks —  
 A voice from unborn millions loudly speaks;  
 Beware! beware! touch not that fatal tree,  
 Their happiness or woe depends on thee.  
 O, wretched Eve! the awful deed is done;  
 A robe of darkness veils the shining sun;  
 The animate creation loudly groans,  
 And senseless things give back responsive moans.  
 O, Eve! thy destiny is sealed; and thou  
 Art fallen from thy lofty station now;  
 And Adam too, obedient at thy calls,  
 Tempted by thee, eats of the fruit and falls;  
 While nature trembles with convulsive sighs,  
 And Innocence from Eden's garden flies.

O, guilty pair! well may ye shudder now —  
 Well may the crimson flush attain your brow —  
 Well may ye seek a refuge for your shame —  
 For, lo! the God of heaven calls on your name;  
 And how can ye unto that voice reply?  
 How can ye stand beneath his searching eye?

With drooping head, the trembling pair advance,  
 And read their sentence at a single glance;  
 Then bathed in tears, the first in Eden shed,  
 With hearts bursting between suspense and dread,  
 Hoping for nothing, fearing something worse,  
 They bow their heads beneath the bitter curse  
 Pronounced on them, and on the blooming earth,  
 And on a race as yet unsprung to birth.

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But with that curse a soothing promise came,  
 Which gently calmed remorse' undying flame,  
 And bade sweet hope within their bosoms spring,  
 With beaming eye and healing on its wing : —  
 "The Serpent on the woman's Seed shall tread,  
 The woman's Seed shall bruise the Serpent's head."  
 And, as they left the gates of Paradise,  
 With wildly throbbing hearts and tearful eyes, —  
 And as they bade a long, a last farewell  
 To ev'ry balmy grove and leafy dell,  
 And saw with grief, where'er they turned their eye,  
 A world in fading verdure round them lie,  
 And felt the curse upon their foreheads burn —  
 "For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return," —  
 Their souls were sinking fast to dark despair ;  
 When, lo ! the promise beamed in splendor there,  
 Pure rays of light around their pathway shed,  
 And bade them raise from earth the drooping head.  
 And when they toiled from morning's earliest dawn,  
 Till night with chilling dews came sadly on,  
 With aching limbs and with a fevered brow,  
 Where pain and sorrow dwelt together now,  
 And then looked back, with sad and mournful gaze,  
 To scenes attendant on their sinless days,  
 And saw those scenes like Eden's garden barred  
 From them by flaming sword and heavenly guard,  
 They wept the tears that anguish gives alone,  
 Yet through those tears the promise radiant shone.  
 And when the parents, racked with parents' woe,  
 Beheld their hopes, their fondest hopes, laid low,  
 And saw the monster, Death, in deadly hue,  
 Unveil his face unto their frightened view,  
 And saw him use his first relentless dart,  
 To pierce their son's, their gentle Abel's heart, —  
 And as they gazed upon that son's cold brow,  
 Whose lips that gave no tender greeting now,

And saw his life-blood, on that fatal morn,  
 Shed by a brother's hand, and their first-born,  
 And the dark brand, the everlasting stain,  
 That rested on the brow of their own Cain,  
 And knew that this, and Abel's life-blood spilt,  
 Were the rewards of their own sin and guilt, —  
 Remorse their bosoms filled; and woe and care  
 Had almost overwhelmed the wretched pair,  
 When the bright Promise rose, by God decreed,  
 And pointed them unto the future Seed,  
 Whose mighty arm should bruise the Serpent's head,  
 And crush the monster, Death, beneath his tread.

And when at last they closed their weary eyes,  
 'Twas with a hope that bade their spirits rise  
 Triumphant over every shade of gloom,  
 Triumphant over death and o'er the tomb.  
 For, lo! the promise pointed to a day  
 When their own Seed would break the Serpent's sway,  
 And whispered that that self-same seed would win  
 Chains for that Serpent's offspring, Death and Sin.  
 And well they knew that when Death's power was o'er  
 The grave could hold their slumb'ring clay no more;  
 That then their bodies, freed from earthly stain,  
 Would roam the fields of Paradise again.

---

## PART II.

AGE never dims God's everlasting brow;  
 Creation's dawn found him the same as now;  
 Eternity, through its eternal reign,  
 Will look for changes in that God in vain.  
 And though long years had passed since Adam earned  
 The penalty, and had to dust returned —

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Although his children, mingling with the clay,  
 Had, like their father, also passed away, —  
 Although the earth had lost its smiling air,  
 And Eden's garden bloomed no longer there, —  
 Although the waving flood had swept it o'er,  
 And deluged it from blooming shore to shore, —  
 Though Noah's sons had yielded up their breath,  
 And slumbered in the icy arms of death, —  
 Though sin and wickedness the sway had gained,  
 And o'er the hearts of men supremely reigned, —  
 Although they cast aside the laws of God,  
 And 'neath their feet his holy mandates trod, —  
 Yet, that offended God had still a plan  
 Of love and mercy for degraded man.

Behold a pilgrim stand on Moreh's plains, —  
 A stranger, in a stranger's broad domains, —  
 An exile from his home and native land,  
 Bowing submissive to his God's command.  
 And, with a faith which truly soared on wings  
 Unfettered by the weight of earthly things,  
 He leaned upon the mighty arm of God, —  
 And farther on the weary pilgrim trod,  
 Till, Canaan gained, once more the great command  
 Fell on his ear: "Arise, survey the land;  
 Walk through its length and breadth; for unto thee  
 I give it all; as far as thou canst see.  
 Thy seed shall be as sand upon the shore,  
 And shall possess the land for evermore."  
 Time rolled away: year after year had past, —  
 And were those promises fulfilled at last?  
 Did he obtain the land for which he left  
 His father's house, of friends and home bereft?  
 God gave him no inheritance thereon;  
 No, not enough to place his foot upon.

And yet he died in faith ; for from afar  
 He caught the gleaming of a glorious star,  
 Whose rising would announce the promised Seed,  
 In whom the "nations would be blest indeed."  
 And, though he found no habitation there,  
 He saw by faith a city pure and fair,  
 Built by his God ; and well he knew one day  
 His feet would through that golden city stray, —  
 That, though cold death his body now might chain,  
 The promised Seed would burst those bands in twain,  
 That then, immortal and with rapture thrilled,  
 He should behold God's promises fulfilled.

He died in faith, with spirit unappalled ;  
 And he, in whom his Seed was to be called,  
 Heard the same promise to himself addressed :  
 "In thy Seed shall the sons of earth be blest.  
 I will perform my oath, and to thy hand  
 Deliver all this country and this land."  
 And yet he died, a stranger, like his sire ;  
 And like him with a faith that dared aspire  
 Above all earthly things, and still believe  
 What God had promised he should yet receive.  
 His son a wanderer, doomed awhile to roam  
 Without a shelter and without a home,  
 As the dark shades of night stole on apace,  
 Made the damp earth his only resting-place,  
 While heaven's cold dews upon his brow were shed,  
 And stones for pillows placed beneath his head.  
 But when his eyes in grateful sleep grew dim,  
 The God of Abraham declared to him,  
 "The land whereon thou liest I will give  
 To thee, and those who after thee shall live.  
 Thy Seed shall spread abroad from east to west,  
 And in that Seed shall all the earth be blest."

Yet, after many a year had rolled away,  
 And he of bitter grief had been the prey,—  
 After long cares had left their lasting trace  
 In deep, dark lines upon his manly face,  
 And famine, with its pale and meagre brood,  
 Had oft within his habitation stood,—  
 He died in Egypt; aged and weary grown,  
 Far from the land by promise made his own.

His offspring silent stood around his bed,  
 While he breathed forth a blessing on each head,  
 And causing ev'ry hindrance to withdraw,  
 He, with prophetic gaze, the future saw;  
 But, as he turned his eyes on Judah's face,  
 Where sorrow now had found a resting-place,  
 A vivid glow o'erspread his pallid cheek,  
 And, strangely strengthened, he began to speak:  
 "O, favored Judah! at a future day  
 The nations of the earth shall own thy sway;  
 Thy father's sons before thy face shall bow,  
 With reverent air and with a humble brow!  
 From Judah's house a mighty branch shall start—  
 The sceptre from that house shall ne'er depart;  
 A legislator there shall still remain,  
 Till Shiloh come, whose right it is to reign;  
 And unto him shall all the nations flee,  
 To him the gath'ring of the people be."  
 Yet, in the stranger's country Judah died,  
 And Judah's sons lay mould'ring side by side,  
 Beneath the soil a fettered people trod,  
 Bowing in bondage at a tyrant's nod.

And Israel wore their heavy fetters still,  
 Trembling beneath the haughty despot's will,  
 While every breeze, that wandered softly by,  
 Bore from their lips the agonizing cry.

Nor did the breeze receive those cries alone ;  
 They mounted up to the Eternal Throne, —  
 They reached the Ear that naught could ever close  
 To the complaints of man or to his woes.  
 God saw the yoke of bondage that they wore,  
 He saw the burdens that they daily bore,  
 And raised a great deliverer to unbind  
 The fetters round his race so closely twined ;  
 To lead them unto Canaan's lovely shore,  
 The Canaan promised them so long before.

And many a sign the God of Jacob wrought,  
 And many a plague on Egypt's tyrant brought ;  
 The rivers turned to streams of stagnant gore,  
 And loathsome vermin covered all the shore ;  
 Locusts and storms of hail destroyed the land ;  
 Disease and famine stalked forth hand in hand ;  
 Thick darkness reigned, and day became as night,  
 The sun refused to shed his genial light ;  
 Men with their flocks in death lay side by side ;  
 The first-born son in ev'ry dwelling died  
 Throughout the land, from Pharaoh's regal heir  
 Unto the child of poverty and care ;  
 While piercing wails alone the silence broke,  
 And haughty Pharaoh trembled 'neath the stroke.  
 But when the first rude pang of grief was o'er,  
 His stony heart grew harder than before ;  
 With fury armed towards Israel's camp he drew,  
 While a thick cloud concealed it from his view ;  
 But through that cloud God cast one searching look  
 And Pharaoh's host with fear and horror shook.  
 The raging sea, that made so dry a path  
 For Israel, on Pharaoh spends its wrath ;  
 The trembling waves, that shrunk at God's command  
 Bursting their limits, rush on either hand ;

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Higher they mount, with loud and deafening roar,  
And Pharaoh's legions sink to rise no more ;  
While, safely landed on the other coast,  
Behold God's children, Israel's favored host.

The God, who led them forth from Egypt's land  
With his "high arm" and with his mighty hand,  
Forsook them not ; but still stood by their side,  
Their souls to cheer, their weary steps to guide ;  
By day a cloudy pillar round them spread,  
A fiery one at night their footsteps led.  
And when at length their lips grew parched and dry,  
He saw their wants, he heard their mournful cry ;  
He smote the rock ; the gushing waters haste,  
And fountains murmur in the desert waste.  
And when pale hunger came with meagre air,  
And their sad souls were sinking to despair,  
He bade the sky aside its portals spread,  
And sinful man partook of angels' bread.

And while they roamed, a sad and homeless band,  
Throughout a dreary and a desert land,  
To Sinai's mount the God of glory came,  
And Sinai's mount was wrapt in dazzling flame ;  
Loud thunders roared, and tempests gathered round,  
The trumpet pealed its deep and awful sound,  
The mountain trembled to its lowest base,  
And bowed in reverence to its Maker's face.

And then, in tones of many waters loud,  
His glorious form enveloped in a cloud,  
God gave commandments on the mountain's brow  
To Moses, Israel's mediator now ;  
And in each great command for holy rites,  
Plainly foretold, by shadows and by types,

Of the long-promised Seed, who yet should rise,  
And give himself a perfect sacrifice.

And Moses from that time, as God decreed,  
Proclaimed the coming of the promised Seed :  
" O Israel ! a Prophet shall appear,  
Raised by the Lord thy God ; Him shalt thou hear.  
But whosoever will not heed his word,  
Against him shall the Lord of hosts be stirred —  
Shall cast him off forever ; in disgrace  
That soul shall perish from among his race."

When Israel saw the lamb to slaughter led,  
And their own sins laid on its guiltless head,  
Each crimson stream their spirits seemed to lead,  
And point them forward to the future Seed,  
Whose flowing blood a guilty world would trace,  
And make atonement for a sin-cursed race.  
And when they saw the brazen serpent raised  
Twixt heaven and earth, and on that serpent gazed,  
And felt the bitter sting of death withdraw,  
Their joyful eyes a striking emblem saw  
Of that same Seed to whom the sons of men  
Would look for life, eternal life, again.

For long, long years, within that dreary place,  
The sons of Israel roamed a lonely lace ;  
Against them many a hostile nation rose ;  
Where'er they turned they met with deadly foes ;  
But still their gracious God with them remained,  
And everywhere a mighty victory gained.  
And when proud Moab, fearing Israel's host,  
That lay encamped upon the neighboring coast,  
Sent royal princes with their costly bribes,  
To gain from Balaam's lips on Israel's tribes  
A fearful curse, Ben Balaam's lips instead  
Breathed forth a blessing upon Israel's head.

Unbribed by gifts, and fearless now of man,  
 Inspired by God, the prophet thus began :  
 " A brilliant Star shall out of Jacob rise,  
 Whose splendor shall illumine the darkened skies ;  
 From Israel's house a mighty sceptre spring,  
 And with it everlasting glory bring.  
 From Jacob He shall come, whose ruling hand  
 Shall smite thee, Moab, and possess the land ;  
 And his dominion and his powerful sway,  
 And his firm throne, shall never pass away."

## PART III.

How strange and wondrous are the ways of God !  
 Ye mighty angels, sound his praise abroad !  
 And puny mortal, bend, O, bend the knee,  
 And own his love, his matchless love, for thee !  
 From sea to sea, from spreading pole to pole,  
 Let one loud song of adoration roll ;  
 Let every ransomed soul on earth proclaim  
 Glory and honor to Jehovah's name.

Where lofty trees their spreading branches twined,  
 And formed a cooling shade, a youth reclined,  
 With beaming eye and with a tender air,  
 Watching his flocks that gambolled round him there,  
 That gayly roamed the green plains far and wide,  
 Then closely pressed unto their shepherd's side,  
 As if to listen to the rapturous swell  
 Of wondrous harmony, that sweetly fell  
 From harp and heart attuned to praise and love,  
 In concert with the heavenly choirs above.  
 A quiet smile played o'er that youthful face,  
 Where dark distrust had never found a place,

For hope and faith unshaken claimed a part  
Within his pure, his free, and humble heart ;  
And happiness, and love and perfect joy,  
Looked down, and smiled upon the shepherd boy.

Ah ! little dreamed he, in his low estate,  
That he was destined for a loftier fate.  
The shepherd's life for him had blissful charms ;  
He found his joy in sweet Contentment's arms ;  
His harp his sole companion, and his care  
Only the flock that nestled round him there.  
But soon the shepherd's gentle hand shall lead  
Another flock, a nobler flock shall feed.  
Then strike thy harp, and louder anthems sing ;  
For, son of Jesse, thou art Israel's king !  
The shepherd's staff recedes before thy face,  
The golden sceptre takes the vacant place ;  
Behold the crown with wondrous splendor rise,  
And pass before thine almost dazzled eyes !  
God's chosen prophet has already shed  
The anointing oil upon thy youthful head.  
Rise, son of Jesse ! take the glorious throne  
Prepared for thee, and for thy seed alone.

Through perils dark the youthful shepherd passed  
But saw his haughty foes subdued at last ;  
His throne established, with a promise sure  
That David's throne should evermore endure ;  
That though all other kingdoms might decay,  
Yet David's kingdom ne'er should pass away ;  
And that the " Seed," promised long years before,  
Should take the crown and rule for evermore.

And oft the Psalmist, with prophetic gaze,  
Looked forward through the lapse of future days,

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And tuned his harp in heavenly notes to sing  
Of David's heir and Zion's mighty king.  
He sang his praises, and extolled his name,  
And then he sang of misery and shame —  
Of the dark cup, the fearful cup of woe,  
Of anguish which no human heart might know,  
Of deadly foes and a deceitful friend ;  
Of love and mercy that he should extend  
Unto the vilest, if with humble air  
They would but lift the contrite spirit's prayer ;  
He told of dangers he was doomed to meet,  
Of scorn and shame, of pierced hands and feet,  
Of death with all its horrors and its pains ;  
And then, in louder tones, and joyful strains,  
He sang of victory, and redeeming love,  
And of the seat at God's right hand above,  
Where the arisen One would sit in power,  
A glorious Priest, until the awful hour,  
When he would leave his Father's dazzling throne,  
And as a King come to receive his own,  
While all his foes would own him as their Lord,  
And at his hand receive a just reward.

A long, long train of prophets and of seers  
Had told his coming from unnumbered years,  
And, pointing forward with exulting eyes,  
Had longed to see his brilliant star arise.  
On him had centred every fond desire,  
And hallowed lips, touched with celestial fire,  
Thus sang of him, the great Anointed One :  
" A virgin shall conceive and bear a son ;  
He shall establish David's glorious throne ;  
With judgment he shall rule, and rule alone ;  
His government shall never, never cease ;  
His name shall be the mighty Prince of Peace.

On him the spirit of the Lord shall rest ;  
 To him the poor, the weak and the oppressed,  
 Shall flee for refuge ; and his powerful form  
 Shall be a shelter from the raging storm.  
 The Jew and Gentile, in his sight the same,  
 Shall both adore his great and holy name ;  
 His gentle voice shall soothe the aching heart,  
 And bid the load of woe and grief depart ;  
 His own soft hand shall wipe away each tear,  
 His beaming smile disperse each gathering fear ;  
 The lame shall leap for joy ; the blind shall see ;  
 The captive, from his prison-house set free,  
 With rapturous shouts shall burst his bands in twain,  
 And leave behind him every galling chain.  
 The dumb shall sing, and, lo ! the deaf shall hear ;  
 That tender voice shall charm the deadened ear ;  
 And those who sit in darkness and in night  
 Shall hail with joy the rising beams of light.

His own kind hand his numerous flock shall feed,  
 And unto streams of living waters lead ;  
 While, circled in his everlasting arms,  
 Their sorrows o'er, and hushed their wild alarms,  
 The timid lambs of his dear flock shall rest,  
 And find a shelter in the Saviour's breast.  
 The lowliest sons of earth shall freely share  
 His radiant smile and his protecting care ;  
 And burdened souls with joy shall view a place  
 Prepared for them, and rush to his embrace ;  
 While tears of penitence shall freely flow,  
 And holy love within each bosom glow.

A voice the lonely wilderness shall cheer,  
 And loudly shall proclaim his advent near ;  
 Make straight his paths ; prepare, prepare the way !  
 For, lo ! a God appears ! hail, happy day !

When every lowly valley shall arise,  
 And every mountain, towering to the skies,  
 Shall leave its proud and its exalted seat,  
 And fall in awe and reverence at his feet.  
 O Zion! to the mountain tops begone,  
 To catch a glimpse of that auspicious dawn;  
 Lift up thy voice, and spread the news abroad;  
 Bid Judah's sons behold their gracious God.

An Intercessor comes, and on his brow  
 The helmet of salvation glistens now;  
 A Leader comes; ye followers, arise!  
 Shake off the mists that dim your sleeping eyes;  
 Bind on your armor, seize your powerful sword,  
 Go forth without the camp to meet your Lord.  
 Ye aliens! view his ensigns all unfurled,  
 Inviting volunteers from all the world;  
 Hasten with bold and with undaunted soul,  
 And in his lists your Gentile names enroll.  
 A Witness comes, — the faithful and the true;  
 He comes to make a covenant with you.  
 O, Jew and Gentile! listen to his voice,  
 And at the teachings of his word rejoice.  
 A Saviour comes; O, ye who thirst and sigh  
 For living waters, come, and freely buy!  
 A great Redeemer comes; O, Zion, sing,  
 And hail with joy thy Saviour and thy King!  
 O, captive Daughter! burst thy heavy bands,  
 Receive a full redemption at his hands.

A Sufferer comes; he breasts the raging storm,  
 With pensive face and with disfigured form;  
 There is no beauty in that languid eye,  
 No music in that low and mournful sigh;  
 No loveliness that pallid brow displays,  
 To rivet there the world's admiring gaze;

No charm for earth's proud sons in that sad tone ;  
 And, though he comes to seek and save his own,  
 His own receive him not ; in proud disdain  
 They smile to view his sorrows and his pain ;  
 On his devoted head their malice wreak,  
 Spit on his face, and smite his pallid cheek.  
 In him no guilt is found, no sin revealed,  
 But with his stripes a guilty world is healed.

A Victim comes, to cruel slaughter led ;  
 The curse of God is resting on his head ;  
 Silent he stands before the judgment-seat,  
 No eye to pity, and no friend to meet ;  
 Oppressed and tortured, while the world despise,  
 Behold, behold, the guiltless victim dies !  
 He suffers with the wicked and the slave,  
 And with the rich he finds a quiet grave.  
 But Death has lost his power ; he strives in vain  
 To bind the Captive ; lo, he lives again !  
 Beholds the ransomed ones for whom he died  
 As his reward, and he is satisfied.

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#### PART IV.

O, FALLEN man ! lift up thy weeping eyes.  
 Why dost thou longer mourn ? awake, arise ;  
 For thou art destined for a fate so high,  
 That the Almighty God descends to die,  
 That thou mayst live. O, raise a joyful song !  
 For praise and honor to his name belong.

The lonely mourner, who had wept and sighed  
 O'er Judah's sins, ingratitude and pride,  
 Looked far away, and, through his falling tears,  
 He caught a lively glimpse of future years ;



And, trembling with delight, he loudly sung,  
 While far o'er hill and vale the accents rung :  
 " The time will come when, Israel's trials o'er,  
 The promise made to him long years before  
 Will surely be fulfilled ; for in those days,  
 A righteous Branch the Lord our God shall raise  
 From David's house, to David's throne an heir,  
 Whose princely brow the royal crown shall wear.  
 He comes, — and 't is a guilty world to bless, —  
 He comes, he comes, — the Lord, our Righteousness ! "

O, glorious title ! other names have charms,  
 But none can ease the sinner's wild alarms,  
 When, trembling 'neath the heavy load of sin,  
 And viewing naught save *guilt* and crime within,  
 Like that sweet name ; the mourning sinner hears  
 The joyful sound, and all his guilty fears  
 Are banished from the dark and wretched soul,  
 Where they have held unlimited control,  
 And in their place joy, peace and love, abound ;  
 And happiness forever hovers round  
 Those who their own unworthiness confess,  
 And own the Lord their perfect righteousness.

The Prophet ceased, his accents died away ;  
 Another caught the burden of his lay ;  
 Foretold the coming of the promised Seed,  
 The gentle Shepherd, who should kindly lead  
 His scattered flock, and bring them back once more  
 To verdant pastures by the river's shore,  
 To heal their wounds, to bid their griefs be still,  
 And feed them all on Zion's holy hill.

A Captive who, in childhood's early years,  
 Had learned the wisdom of Chaldea's seers,

And had been taught by One, whose word alone  
 Had hurled Belshazzar from his lofty throne ;  
 Arrayed in sackcloth, knelt in fervent prayer,  
 With tearful cheek and supplicating air,  
 Imploring God to turn a smiling face,  
 And show compassion to a captive race ;  
 To hear their cries, to view their burning tears,  
 And to forgive the sins of other years ;  
 To burst the chains of thralldom that they wore,  
 And bring them to their native land once more ;  
 To have regard for Zion's holy hill,  
 And to protect his suffering people still.  
 A mighty angel, sent at God's command,  
 Upon the mourner laid a gentle hand ;  
 With tender words he soothed his aching heart,  
 And kindly bade his gloomy fears depart :  
 " O, man beloved ! from God's eternal throne  
 I have been sent to make the vision known.  
 The time is set, and the appointed year  
 Will bring the Prince, the great Messiah, here.  
 Zion shall hail with joy that blissful day ;  
 But, when a few more years have rolled away,  
 Condemned and hated, by a murderous hand  
 Th' Anointed shall be cut off from the land.  
 Not for his own, but for another's guilt,  
 The blood of the Messiah shall be spilt ;  
 Not for his sins shall he atonement make,  
 But die and suffer for another's sake."

Thus one by one, Prophet and Bard had shown  
 The race, the tribe, the family and throne,  
 Of the Messiah, and the appointed year  
 When the expected Saviour would appear ;  
 And now another, blest with a bright beam  
 Of future years, caught up the inspiring theme.

He spoke of Israel's Judge, the smitten One,  
 Then told the birth-place of Jehovah's Son.  
 No lofty city with its storied name  
 The honor of Messiah's birth may claim;  
 God destines not the mighty ones of earth  
 To be the heralds of the Saviour's birth  
 Nor chooses he a city proud and strong  
 To be the burden of the Prophet's song:  
 "O, Bethlehem! though thou art weaker far  
 Than other cities of Judea are,—  
 Though thou art lowly, and thy fame but small,  
 Yet thou art honored far above them all;  
 Upon thy name a weight of glory lies,  
 For out of thee a Ruler shall arise,  
 Who, in the strength of God himself, shall stand  
 To be the peace of Israel's ransomed land,  
 Whose goings forth have been from years unknown,  
 And everlasting ages are his own."

Another, blest with visions bright and fair  
 Of glories that the church of God would share,—  
 Of sin and of pollution washed away,  
 Of filthy garments changed for pure array,—  
 Pointed unto the Branch, to whom alone  
 Would be the right of priesthood and a throne.  
 The glorious sight the Prophet's spirit thrilled,  
 Seraphic fire the Prophet's spirit filled:  
 "Daughter of Zion! lift, O, lift thy voice!  
 And thou, Jerusalem, rejoice, rejoice!  
 Shout till the heavens and earth alike shall ring,  
 For, lo! He comes, thy meek and lowly King!"

The Prophet views a darker scene arise;  
 A fearful prospect meets the Prophet's eyes;  
 The Covenant is broken! Israel's race  
 No longer holds its high and favored place.

He sees their King become a sacrifice;  
 Sees Israel's King sold for a paltry price.  
 He sees a nation wrapped in fear and woe;  
 He sees the tears of bitter anguish flow;  
 He hears the wails of sorrow and despair,  
 Hears David's house lament its royal heir.  
 On every side sees families apart,  
 Weeping and mourning as with breaking heart;  
 Their tearful eyes with woe and grief grow dim,  
 For, lo! those tearful eyes are fixed on Him  
 Whom they have pierced! and for that stricken One  
 They weep and wail as for a first-born son.

Before his face the bleeding Victim stands;  
 He views the wounds within his tender hands,  
 And asks, in eager accents of surprise,  
 "Whence do those dark and ghastly wounds arise?"  
 "Ah, they are those," the pallid Victim cries,  
 "That I received from friends, whose lives to save,  
 Mine own a sacrifice I freely gave."  
 He sees the raging storm its vengeance shed,  
 And spend its fury on the Saviour's head;  
 He sees the sword of Justice lifted high;  
 He hears one wild, one agonizing cry;  
 The Shepherd falls, closes his dimming eyes, —  
 One bitter pang, — the smitten Shepherd dies.  
 His little flock take up the piercing wail;  
 Their cries of anguish rend each hill and dale;  
 Their Shepherd lost, scattered and sad they roam;  
 No Shepherd's gentle voice invites them home.  
 He sees the crimson blood in one dark tide  
 Flow freely from the Sufferer's mangled side;  
 Swifter and swifter still the life-drops pour,  
 Until a fountain, full and gushing o'er,  
 Stands all prepared before the Prophet's eye,  
 That guilty souls its wondrous depths may try;

And, plunging 'neath the dark and rolling flood,  
Find free salvation in a Saviour's blood.

## PART V.

IDOLATRY the power supreme had gained,  
And o'er a guilty world in triumph reigned;  
Darkness and superstition, hand in hand,  
Walked through the length and breadth of all the land.  
The mighty God of Israel was unknown  
Save unto Israel's scattered race alone;  
And even they had trampled on his laws,  
Had been forgetful of his glorious cause,  
Had left their first Beloved, their gracious God,  
Incurred his wrath, and felt the fearful rod  
Of his displeasure, as, with heavy stroke,  
He yielded them unto a foreign yoke,  
And suffered them, their city and their lands,  
To fall into a haughty tyrant's hands.  
The trumpet long had sounded its alarm,  
And savage War made bare his awful arm,  
"Waved his dread standard" o'er a trembling world,  
While broken throne on broken throne was hurled;  
And kings and princes, answering to the call,  
Rushed wildly forth, and hastened on their fall;  
Until the victors of the land and sea  
Brought nations down upon the suppliant knee,  
To sue for pardon, and for peace entreat,  
And offer homage at the conqueror's feet;  
Then quiet Peace resumed her reign once more,  
And War proclaimed his bloody mission o'er.

Nature had sunk into a calm repose;  
Serene and fair the twinkling stars arose,

And gazed upon a quiet world at rest, —  
 A wondrous world, by Heaven supremely blest.  
 Nor stars alone looked down upon the sight,  
 For angel eyes peered through the depths of night  
 And angel forms, heralds of light and love,  
 Enraptured left their shining homes above, —  
 For earthly regions left a heavenly shore,  
 For earth had charms earth never had before.

Each sound was hushed upon Judea's plains ;  
 By Jordan's flowing stream the shepherd swains  
 Guarded their flocks ; and midnight, calm and still,  
 Watched o'er the scene, and reigned on Zion's hill.  
 Sleep, gentle sleep, came forth with smiling air,  
 To shed her mild and genial influence there,  
 And weary hearts had found a sweet repose —  
 When, suddenly, a glorious star arose.  
 The arch of heaven presents one dazzling blaze !  
 The shepherds start in terror and amaze,  
 With pallid faces and dilated eyes,  
 While o'er their heads a mighty angel flies,  
 With God's own glory on his radiant brow,  
 And lips that bring a joyful message now.  
 While love and mercy fill the angel's eyes :  
 " Fear not, ye trembling ones ! " the angel cries ;  
 " For glorious tidings unto you I bear ;  
 This day is born to David's throne an heir ;  
 Let heavenly joy dispel your rising fears,  
 In David's city, Christ, the Lord, appears."

Down, down the shining pathway of the sky  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand angels fly ;  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand voices sing,  
 While far around the azure arches ring,  
 And heaven and earth reëcho the glad strains,  
 That sweetly float over Judea's plains.

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"Glory to God ! " the thrilling anthems rise ;  
 "Glory to God ! " a sin-cursed world replies ;  
 "Glory to God, who reigns in heaven above ;  
 On earth to men good will and perfect love ! "

With grateful hearts and features beaming bright,  
 The shepherds gazed upon the brilliant sight ;  
 They listened till the last expiring lay  
 Of wondrous melody had died away ;  
 And when at length the startling scene was o'er,  
 And silence there resumed its reign once more,  
 With hasty steps they left their lone retreat,  
 To worship at their infant Saviour's feet.  
 They found him in an humble manger laid,  
 A smiling babe, whose arm creation stayed ;  
 The virgin mother, kneeling by his side,  
 With all a mother's love, a mother's pride ;  
 Around him now she twined her tender arms,  
 And gently hushed her timid babe's alarms ;  
 Then, gazing on the groups that gathered there,  
 He kissed his cheek, "and breathed a mother's prayer."

One group had come from distant lands afar,  
 Directed thither by the glorious star,  
 Whose rising had announced the promised birth  
 Of the Messiah to a sinful earth,  
 And whose bright beams in dazzling splendor now  
 Clustered around the sleeping infant's brow.  
 The wise men came their precious gifts to bring,  
 And offer homage to their infant King ;  
 The shepherds, too, in adoration fall,  
 And own their Lord, the inmate of a stall !  
 They bring no golden gift, no costly store,  
 But God receives the offerings of the poor ;  
 And, filled with joy, and glorifying God,  
 Their homeward way the happy shepherds trod,



And spread the tidings on the wings of morn,  
 "In David's city, Christ, the Lord, is born."

From mouth to mouth the blissful tidings flew,  
 And those who waited anxiously to view  
 Israel's redemption, hailed with joyful cries  
 The day that saw the morning star arise ;  
 And filled with love, with rapture and delight,  
 Gave thanks to God, and blessed him for the sight.  
 While they rejoiced with angels o'er his birth,  
 The sons of darkness with the sons of earth  
 Conspired to slay the meek and holy One ;  
 But God himself watched o'er his infant Son, —  
 Found him a refuge in a foreign land,  
 While woe and slaughter reigned on every hand, —  
 Preserved him by his own Almighty arm,  
 And shielded him from every rude alarm ;  
 While other mothers, racked with bitter tears,  
 Upon their infants poured their scalding tears,  
 And clasped them to their breasts in wild despair,  
 As if no earthly power could reach them there —  
 Strained the last nerve of human strength, to prove  
 The depth and fervor of a mother's love.  
 Alas ! in vain. One shriek of anguish wild,  
 Each mother weeps above her bleeding child.  
 The Virgin Mary knew no woe like this ;  
 But filled with love, with joy and thankfulness,  
 She pressed her babe unto her yearning heart,  
 And felt her sad forebodings all depart ;  
 For, safely sheltered from a tyrant's rage,  
 She waited till the tempest might assuage,  
 And gladly hailed the long-desired hour  
 When vengeful wrath removed a tyrant's power ;  
 Then, guarded by the same Almighty hand,  
 Returned once more unto her native land,

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And found a happy home, a quiet place,  
 Where sweet Contentment showed her smiling face.  
 Calmly the days rolled on, and ever brought  
 New mercies to the inmates of that cot ;  
 Love, with her train, sought out the low retreat,  
 And offered homage at the Saviour's feet ;  
 Angels, bright angels, hovered round unseen,  
 And waved their wings above the Nazarene.  
 All heaven resounded with harmonious lays  
 Of rapturous joy and of eternal praise ;  
 And, mingling sweetly with each glad acclaim,  
 Loudly arose the youthful Saviour's name.  
 Love, such as angels ne'er had felt before,  
 Within each breast unlocked its hidden store,  
 Which gushed forth freely for a fallen race,  
 The objects of God's special love and grace ;  
 And guilty *men* found place within the theme  
 Which angels chanted to the Nazarene.

Twelve years had passed, and in their course had shed  
 Their beauties o'er the holy Saviour's head,  
 When, in the temple, 'mid the wond'ring crowd,  
 He mingled with the haughty and the proud,  
 The wisest of them all ; while deep surprise  
 Expressed itself within the listeners' eyes,  
 And gazing on his face, so pure and mild,  
 They owned the wisdom of the wondrous child.  
 Yet he, whom kneeling angels served before,  
 Returned unto his lowly home once more !  
 Nor did the Son of God refuse to share  
 His parents' labors nor his parents' care ;  
 But toiled for them with willing heart and hand,  
 And meekly yielded to their least command ;  
 And when the trials of the day were past,  
 And night had brought a sweet repose at last,

Upon her son a tender mother smiled,  
And in her arms embraced the holy child.

Truly that mother's yearning heart was blest,  
As thus she clasped him to her loving breast,  
And found in him, that fondly worshipped one,  
A dutiful and a devoted son.  
And yet, methinks, a bitter pang of woe,  
Such as a mother's heart alone can know,  
Shot through her breast, as, with a tearful gaze,  
She looked away to future scenes and days,  
And saw that he, her bosom's dearest pride,  
The gentle son that nestled by her side,  
Was growing up beneath a mother's eyes,  
A tender Lamb for cruel sacrifice.  
Day after day she watched his lovely face,  
As if she hoped his inmost thoughts to trace;  
Day after day beheld new beauties shine  
Upon his brow, so noble and divine;  
Day after day beheld his features wear  
A calmer smile, and a more heavenly air.

A voice had sounded through the desert land,  
Proclaiming, "Lo! God's kingdom is at hand."  
"Repent, repent!" the mighty herald cried,  
"And be baptized beneath the rolling tide.  
Not mine the power the sinner to forgive, —  
Not mine the power to bid the sinner live;  
But after me shall come a mighty One,  
The great Messiah, God's eternal Son,  
In whom alone my helpless soul shall boast;  
He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost."  
On Jordan's banks, in rustic garb arrayed,  
The Baptist stood, and calmly he surveyed  
The groups that gathered round on either hand,  
To yield obedience to his great command.

Amid the crowd a noble form is seen,  
 With tranquil brow and with a heavenly mien;  
 His graceful locks wave lightly round his head,  
 As he approaches with a thoughtful tread,  
 And on the groups that quickly pass him by  
 He casts a glance, and heaves a mournful sigh.  
 That stranger form attracts the Baptist's eyes;  
 With swelling heart the joyful Baptist cries:  
 "Behold the Lamb of God! destined to bear  
 The sins of all the world; destined to share  
 The pains and sorrows of a groaning earth,  
 Which owes salvation to a Saviour's birth!"  
 Then, with a meek and reverential mien,  
 Turned and addressed the smiling Nazarene:  
 "Thou Lamb of God! O, wherefore come to me,  
 Since I have need to be baptized of thee?"—  
 "Suffer it now, for such my Father's will,  
 That I each righteous ordinance fulfil."  
 Then down in Jordan's dark and rolling flood  
 The Baptist led the holy Lamb of God,  
 Laid him beneath the gently-yielding wave,  
 And, as he raised him from the watery grave,  
 A voice was heard; it shook the trembling skies:  
 "This is my Son!" the great Jehovah cries;  
 While rays of glory gather from above,  
 And on his head descends the mystic Dove.

Thus Jesus left old Jordan's flowing flood,  
 A great High Priest, anointed by his God;  
 Washed and baptized beneath the crystal wave,  
 And now prepared a guilty world to save.  
 The old Mosaic dispensation flies;  
 Behold another dispensation rise!  
 The ancient ordinances and the law  
 In quick succession hastily withdraw,

And to the dispensation yield their place  
Which owns no law except the law of Grace,  
Regards no people with peculiar care,  
Bids every race alike its favors share;  
For human righteousness has no reward,  
And no High Priest, save Jesus Christ, the Lord.

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## PART VI.

YE who are oft distressed and tossed about  
By many a fear and many a gloomy doubt,—  
Beholding naught save filth and crime within,  
And oft betrayed and tempted into sin,—  
O! turn your eyes upon the Man of woes;  
He knows each pang, each bitter trial knows.  
Around his path behold temptations rise;  
On him his utmost art the tempter tries,  
But tries in vain; and must his followers yield?  
O, Faith, arise, and grasp thy shining shield!  
Shake off your fears; for, lo! your Master smiles;  
He will protect you from the tempter's wiles.

Far from the haunts of man the Saviour strayed,  
And fasted long beneath the gloomy shade;  
Poured forth his soul in deep and fervent prayer,  
Until the desert seemed an Eden there,  
And he who knelt upon the dark green sod  
With shining brow bespoke aloud the God.  
Yet soon his frail and human form began  
To yield to hunger, and bespoke the man.  
Then by his side the artful tempter stood:  
"If thou art God, why shouldst thou want for food?  
Command these stones, and they shall yield thee bread.  
If thou art God," the artful tempter said.

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But he replied, in calm and steadfast tone:  
 "Man shall not live by bread, and bread alone,  
 But by each word of the Eternal One;  
 And by that word lives his Eternal Son."  
 Then from the mountain's brow one dazzling blaze  
 Of earthly glory met the Saviour's gaze;  
 "Behold these kingdoms! all the power is mine;  
 Fall down and worship me—they shall be thine."—  
 "Get thee behind me, Satan!" At the word  
 A thousand dark and direful passions stirred;  
 And with a curse, mingled with foul despair,  
 The tempter turned and left the Victor there.  
 Then bright-eyed messengers of peace and love  
 Descended from their happy homes above,  
 And angel wings fanned softly round the brow,  
 Which felt the pangs of human nature now.

His ministry began, from place to place,  
 The Saviour passed and warned a simple race;  
 He raised the cry throughout Judea's land,  
 "Repent, for, lo! God's kingdom is at hand;"  
 While rich and poor, and old and youthful, came,  
 Listened in awe, and spread abroad his fame.  
 And some there were, long racked with pain and woe,  
 Adown whose cheeks the tears were wont to flow,  
 Whose palsied limbs had long refused to bear  
 The trembling form, who stood rejoicing there.  
 The souls that long had struggled for repose,  
 And sighed for freedom from their heavy woes,  
 By evil spirits for long years possessed,  
 At Jesus' feet now found a quiet rest;  
 And where they hated and reviled before,  
 They bend the knee, they worship, they adore.  
 The wretched leper, ever doomed to roam,  
 Loathed by the world, without a friend or home;

He heard the Saviour's sweet and tender voice —  
It bade his long despairing soul rejoice;  
And healed and cleansed, his homeward way he trod,  
With praise and honor to the Son of God.  
The lame man bounded to his feet once more,  
And loudly sang his griefs and sorrows o'er;  
The blind man, filled with rapture and delight,  
Gazed on the scenes that met his dazzled sight;  
But, loveliest of them all, his eyes now trace  
The features of his dear Redeemer's face,  
And with a look of gratitude and love,  
With shouts he rends the azure dome above;  
While deaf and dumb take up the glad acclaim  
That sweetly rises to Immanuel's name.

Upon the mountain's brow, by the sea-shore,  
The Saviour taught as man ne'er taught before;  
He spoke in parables — as long foretold —  
In parables, and sayings dark of old;  
While crowds that gathered round admiring hung  
Upon the words that fell from Jesus' tongue.  
And now and then, amid the eager throng,  
The victims of affliction pressed along;  
Touched but the hem of Jesus' robe, and felt  
Their health restored, while at his feet they knelt.  
And sinners, too, with penitential air,  
Raised unto him their sad and fervent prayer.  
Where'er he goes sighs and entreaties blend,  
Where'er he goes he proves the sinner's friend;  
His gentle voice the weary soul beguiles;  
He speaks, and, lo! the homeless orphan smiles;  
The lonely widow one sweet accent hears,  
Raises her head, and wipes away her tears.  
The lowliest sons of earth he sets apart  
To be his chosen friends; his tender heart

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Bleeds for the poor, the sad, and the distressed ;  
And little children lean upon his breast,  
And, although timid, feel no rude alarms  
While nestled in the loving Saviour's arms.

From Nain's gates, with slow and measured tread,  
Behold a long, a sad, procession led ;  
While falling tears in quick succession start,  
And heavy sighs break from the troubled heart.  
Why heaves the sigh ? why falls the burning tear ?  
Behold, there lies upon the sable bier,  
Where death, and youth and beauty, strangely blend,  
The darling hope of many a loving friend.  
And view that pale, that widowed mother there,  
With tearful cheek and look of wild despair.  
Well may she weep ; her earthly joy has fled ;  
Her only son sleeps with the silent dead.  
But just ahead, behold, another throng  
Toward Nain's gates now slowly moves along ;  
And who is he, upon whose beaming brow  
Pity and love are sweetly blending now ?  
Who can he be, whose tearful eyes disclose  
A tender heart that melts at others' woes ?  
" Weep not," he cries ; and while amazed they stand,  
Upon the bier he lays his mighty hand ;  
He lifts the pale and the enshrouded clay  
From the dark prison where enclosed it lay,  
While life again, with quick and healthy start,  
Encircles round that cold and pulseless heart.  
Then with a smile, where blend a thousand charms,  
He yields the son unto his mother's arms.  
That mother's tongue can breathe no thankful word,  
But sobs, loud sobs, of thrilling joy are heard,  
And, turning from a living son's embrace,  
Her tearful eyes rest on her Saviour's face,



While gratitude the mother's bosom swells,  
And gratitude each beaming feature tells.  
Each tear is wiped away, each mourning soul  
Is quickly loosed from sorrow's dark control,  
And every voice, in tones that rend the skies,  
The mighty God of Jacob glorifies.

A mother knelt in grief and anguish wild  
Beside the death-bed of an only child,  
While o'er her cheeks the tears in torrents fell,  
And painful sighs her aching heart would swell ;  
She pressed her lips upon the lovely brow,  
So cold, so pallid and so death-like now ;  
Within her own the trembling hand she pressed ;  
Once more she clasped her to her heaving breast.  
The dying maiden with an effort smiled,  
The mother's arms embraced a lifeless child.  
The wretched father seeks the lonely place,  
The tears of grief are rolling down his face ;  
How dreary all, how dark and cheerless grown !  
He enters, but he enters not alone ;  
A stranger comes, and while each mourner weeps,  
" Fear not," he cries, " the maiden only sleeps."  
And though the unbelieving throng deride,  
The parents cling unto the Saviour's side ;  
And while a ray of hope illumines each soul,  
Before left victims to despair's control,  
They lead the way to where their daughter lies,  
With heaving bosoms and with kindling eyes.  
The smiling Saviour took within his own  
The deadly hand, and in a gentle tone  
He bade the maiden rise ; the maiden heard,  
And rose obedient at the Saviour's word.  
There burst one cry of thrilling rapture wild,  
The parents wept for joy above their child.



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From place to place the Saviour passed, and healed  
All who would come and to his teachings yield ;  
All who would call upon his holy name,  
Though vile and sinful, all were heard the same.  
Where'er he moved a crowd his presence sought,  
While in their midst wonders divine he wrought,  
And when they fainted for the want of bread,  
With his own hand the multitude he fed.

And oft at eve, when nature sunk to rest,  
And not a sound disturbed the peaceful breast, —  
When other heads in quietude reposed,  
And other eyes in balmy sleep were closed, —  
Mid nature's wilds the Saviour knelt in prayer,  
And morning's beams oft found him kneeling there ;  
While cold, damp breezes swept around his head,  
And chilling dew-drops on his locks were shed.  
Oft his disciples shared his lone retreat,  
And sat and learned at their Redeemer's feet ;  
Thrilled with delight each heavenly word they caught,  
And treasured up the doctrines that he taught ;  
While the proud heart and the revengeful soul  
Yielded unto a Saviour's mild control,  
And those who once gave earthly things their love,  
Now learned to place their fondest hopes above.

They loved him ; they obeyed his least command,  
And yet his mission could not understand ;  
They deemed him Israel's king, who would restore  
The kingdom unto Israel's race once more ;  
And when he spoke of sorrows and of woes,  
Of cruel sufferings, and of deadly foes,  
Of death with all its tortures and its gloom,  
Of rising once more from the dreary tomb,  
They turned on him their half-reproachful eyes,  
Filled with amazement and with deep surprise,

And oft in secret pondered o'er each word,  
And wondered still at what they saw and heard.

Upon a mountain's brow, with humble air,  
A little group knelt down in fervent prayer,  
Their Master in their midst, with beaming eyes  
Fastened upon the calm and azure skies.  
But suddenly those azure skies assume  
Another hue; for dazzling beams illumine  
The arch of heaven, and rays of glory bright  
Encircle him in floods of living light.  
Two radiant beings, with celestial air  
And glorious forms, stood by the Saviour there;  
Both sons of earth, for they were wont to stray,  
Sad and alone, upon the world's high way;  
But they had joined the angel choirs above,  
And sung the chorus of redeeming love.  
They both had felt the pangs of earthly woe,  
And both had drained the bitter drops that flow  
From sorrow's cup; and one had sadly tried  
Nature's last pang, and crossed death's gloomy tide.  
A cloud of glory tinged with heaven's own light,  
Too pure and brilliant for the human sight,  
Around the mountain's brow its bright folds spread,  
And hung in splendor over every head;  
And while the frail disciples quake with fear,  
A voice astounding bursts upon the ear:  
"This is my Son," that voice like thunder cries, —  
Along the mountain's top the echo flies, —  
"This is my Son, in whom I take delight."  
No more they heard, — bewildered with affright, —  
When, lo! a voice their sad misgivings stayed,  
It gently whispered, "Rise, be not afraid;"  
They raised their eyes, the dreadful sight was o'er,  
All things a calm and quiet aspect wore.

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A lonely bark was on the raging sea,  
The tempest roared in fury wild and free,  
The white waves dashed against the bounding bark,  
Threatening destruction 'neath the waters dark ;  
Louder and louder still the tempest blew,  
Fiercer and fiercer still the billows grew,  
Higher they rose, with loud tumultuous swell,  
Then from their fearful heights in fury fell,  
And beat in many a wild and deafening roar  
Against the rocky and resounding shore.  
Deep terror then filled every trembling soul,  
And o'er each heart fear held complete control ;  
They saw their bark tossed on the raging wave,  
That bore them onward to a watery grave ;  
They heard the tempest shriek ; the howling surge  
Seemed unto them to chant their funeral dirge ;  
And Death with all his horrors and alarms  
Seemed to invite them to his icy arms.  
A shriek arose, of terror and amaze ;  
Upon the sea with rolling eyes they gaze,  
For, heedless of the tempest or the storm,  
Upon the waves there walks an upright form.  
Deep horror then filled every beating heart,  
Deep horror then froze every vital part ;  
When, suddenly above the awful roar,  
They heard a voice they oft had heard before ;  
But those sweet tones had never seemed so dear  
As in that hour of darkness and of fear,  
When the soft accents came to souls dismayed,  
Be of good cheer ; 't is I, be not afraid !"  
The storm might strive to drown that soothing word,  
But strive in vain, for the disciples heard ;  
And every fear was quickly lulled to rest,  
And peace and joy filled every lightened breast.  
The sea, too, heard ; and, at their Master's will,  
The raging elements were hushed and still.

And oft, perchance, on the rude sea of life,  
 Amid its woes, its sorrows and its strife, —  
 When anguish rolled in billows wild and dark,  
 When tempests gathered o'er their fragile bark,  
 When scorn and hate met them at every tread,  
 When Persecution raised its standard dread,  
 And told the horrors of the coming storm,  
 When death approached in its most dreadful form, —  
 Perchance they heard the heavenly voice once more,  
 Which rose above the howling tempest's roar ;  
 Perchance they heard the tones so strong to save,  
 That floated over Galilee's dark wave,  
 While hope and faith once more their spirits stayed :  
 " Be of good cheer ; 't is I, be not afraid."

When bloody tyrants, with a tyrant's power,  
 Proclaimed their doom and named their final hour ;  
 When in a dungeon dark and gloomy, bound,  
 Perchance they heard that dear, that cheering sound,  
 When doomed to wander in some dreary isle,  
 Far from their native land, in lone exile,  
 And even when for slaughter all arrayed :  
 " Be of good cheer ; 't is I, be not afraid."

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#### PART VII.

O, HUMAN Wisdom! leave thy proud retreat,  
 And come and worship at the Saviour's feet ;  
 And thou, Philosophy ! with aspect stern,  
 Come, of the meek and lowly Jesus learn ;  
 Cast all thy vain and idle dreams aside,  
 Come humble and divested of thy pride,  
 And, sitting at his feet with child-like mien,  
 Receive instruction from the Nazarene.

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With his disciples learn of Jesus there ;  
Learn who are blest, and what the great reward  
Destined for them by their eternal Lord.

Ye mighty ones of earth ! upon whose brow  
A crown of earthly splendor glitters now,  
Around whose throne a nation bends in awe,  
And yields submission to a sovereign's law ;  
Behold yon poor and sorrowing son of earth, —  
Who knows no honors, claims no royal birth, —  
In poverty and sorrow doomed to roam,  
Want his companion, and a hut his home.  
The tattered robe of poverty he wears,  
His brow is furrowed with untimely cares,  
Contempt and scorn he meets on every side  
From scoffing foes ; nor foes alone deride ;  
For those he loved and prized in days of yore,  
Whom he told his griefs and sorrows o'er,  
Now turn away, or mark without a sigh  
His pallid features and his tearful eye.

Ye mighty ones ! with air of lofty pride,  
From that meek sufferer coldly turn aside ;  
Those tattered garments and that simple air  
Compulsive seem ; — then gaze no longer there ;  
But know that he, on whom ye darkly frown,  
Shall one day wear a bright, a glorious crown,  
Compared with which your royal diadems,  
Sparkling with jewels and with precious gems,  
Shall seem a frightful mass, all cankered o'er  
With rust, and deeply stained with human gore.  
When the poor wanderer, whom ye now despise,  
With grateful heart shall win the conqueror's prize ;  
To each care shall bid a long adieu,  
While heaven and glory burst upon his view ;

Arrayed in shining robes that pilgrim lone  
 Shall take the sceptre, mount the dazzling throne  
 Prepared for him unnumbered years before;  
 Shall wear the crown for him laid up in store,  
 And with his elder Brother freely share  
 The eternal kingdom of which he is heir.

Ye thoughtless ones ! who sport in folly's arms ;  
 Whom pleasure woos with all her glittering charms ;  
 For whom the gorgeous banquet stands prepared ;  
 By whom the sweets of luxury are shared ;  
 Who spend your moments in the crowded hall,  
 Where mirth and revelry their votaries call ;  
 Who join the giddy dance with thoughtless air,  
 And find your all of joy and rapture there ; —  
 View yonder lowly home ; a mourner weeps ;  
 With tears and sighs her lonely vigils keeps.  
 She bends the knee, raises the tearful eye —  
 A prayer ascends before the throne on high.  
 Ah, laughing ones ! enjoy your mirth to-day ;  
 Enjoy your sweets and pleasures while you may,  
 For ye shall weep and wail in dark despair,  
 While she who lifts the penitential prayer,  
 Though doomed a while to pain, to want and woe,  
 Shall wipe away the burning tears that flow,  
 And hail with joy the day that brings release,  
 That ushers in the reign of love and peace ;  
 When they who weep will shout their trials o'er,  
 And never know the pangs of sorrow more.

Mercy, that angel bright, with loving eye,  
 And pinions all outspread, will hover nigh,  
 And ever smile with love's own radiant glow  
 Upon the heart that sighs at others' woe,  
 That weeps when others weep, and freely shares  
 Another's burdens and another's cares ;

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That finds a shelter for earth's homeless sons,  
 And food and raiment for her outcast ones ;  
 That heart is blest, nor showers its love in vain ;  
 They who show mercy, mercy shall obtain.

Ye who have fled for refuge to your God,  
 Come boldly forth and sound his praise abroad ;  
 Seek not to hide the light so freely given  
 To gild the path which leads to God and heaven,  
 But take your stand with calm and fearless air ;  
 The world's rude scorn, its bitter tauntings, dare ;  
 And let your light with steady splendor shine,  
 Fed by a hand almighty and divine ;  
 That others seeing your good works may bow  
 With contrite heart and with an humble brow ;  
 A sacrifice well pleasing there may bring,  
 And offer homage to your God and King.

If ye indeed have known your sins forgiven,  
 And seen your guilty names enrolled in heaven,  
 Let earthly passions never gain control  
 Within your hearts, to mar the happy soul  
 Where peace should dwell, and streams of love should  
 flow, —

Love for your God, and love for friend and foe.  
 If ye love those, the fond and faithful few,  
 Who in return can give a love as true,  
 O, what reward have ye ? The sons of earth,  
 Who seek the haunts of pleasure and of mirth,  
 Who spurn with scorn the teachings from above,  
 They have the cherished objects of their love,  
 Whose griefs and sorrows they would gladly share,  
 And for them e'en the pangs of death would dare.  
 Then what reward have ye, if friends can claim  
 Your love alone ? — for sinners do the same.



But if ye bless, when enemies revile;  
 If, when they frown, ye grant a gentle smile;  
 If, when they smite, ye their reproaches bear;  
 If, when they curse, ye raise for them a prayer;  
 If, when they blast your character and name,  
 Ye gently strive to spare their injured fame;  
 If ye, for evil, return deeds of love,  
 O, blest are ye! — for He who rules above, —  
 Who bids for all the sun in heaven to smile,  
 And sends his rain upon the just and vile, —  
 With tender air bends from his lofty throne,  
 Loves, and protects, and claims you for his own.

And when the poor stretch forth a needy hand,  
 Refuse not what the laws of God demand;  
 Remember ye the promise and reward, —  
 Giving the poor, ye lend unto the Lord;  
 He will repay — to Him your alms are known —  
 Ye shall receive with usury your own.  
 And when ye pray, seek some secluded place,  
 Where ye can view your heavenly Father's face,  
 Far from the haunts of men, then kneel in prayer, —  
 Pour forth your wants and all your sorrows there.  
 But come in faith, with humble heart believe  
 That what ye ask ye shall indeed receive.  
 If to your side a trusting child draws near,  
 To your paternal bosom fair and dear,  
 And unto you, in soft and winning tone,  
 With child-like air, his simple wants makes known, —  
 Will ye refuse to grant his small request?  
 No; rather clasp him to a parent's breast,  
 And smile for joy to view the transport wild,  
 The wished-for boon bestow upon your child.  
 If ye then give good gifts unto your sons,  
 Will God refuse to hear his humble ones?

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If ye as parents your own children bless,  
Will not your Father all your wants redress ?  
Your every cry does not your Father hear ?  
O, ye of little faith, why should ye fear ?  
Ye know not where to find your daily bread,  
But shall the future fill your souls with dread ?  
Behold the fowls, that cleave the balmy air,  
They have no anxious thought, they have no care ;  
For their own wants they never can provide,  
And yet, behold, their wants are all supplied.  
Shall ye then suffer ? — are ye less than they ?  
Cast every fear and every doubt away,  
And bow before your heavenly Father's throne ;  
With trusting heart make all your sorrows known.  
Behold the flowers, arrayed in gorgeous hues,  
All gayly sparkling in the morning dews !  
Behold what care some tender hand bestows  
Upon the lily and the blushing rose !  
What king in all his glory can compare  
With the rich robes those lovely flow'rets wear ?  
Then shall ye want, if God so clothe the grass  
That bends beneath the breezes as they pass ?  
O, ye by fears of future need dismayed !  
Are ye not better than the flowers that fade ?  
Then why with doubts for future days take heed ? —  
Your Father knows whate'er his children need.  
But seek ye first, with true and humble heart,  
Within God's kingdom to obtain a part ;  
Seek ye the ways of holiness and love,  
And set your fondest hopes on things above ;  
Around the throne let your affections twine,  
Placed on an object worthy and divine ;  
Before the throne all of your treasures bring —  
He'll guard them well, your gracious God and King ;  
And from his mighty hand shall freely flow  
All of the blessings that ye need below.

Ye who before the world with fearless mien  
 Confess your faith in the poor Nazarene ;  
 Ye who have borne the cross and borne the shame,  
 Nor blushed to own a dying Saviour's name ;  
 When every race, of every tongue and land,  
 Before the judgment-seat shall take their stand ;  
 When conquerors cast their blood-stained swords aside,  
 And leave behind their laurels and their pride ;  
 When monarchs shall obey the dreadful call,  
 And stand arraigned before the Lord of all ;  
 When on the great white throne, with brow severe,  
 The Judge in power and glory shall appear ;  
 In that dread hour that tells earth's final fate,  
 When shrieks for mercy rise, but rise too late,  
 Ye shall behold with joy the shining place  
 Where your Redeemer shows his smiling face ;  
 He shall come forth, and, still in love the same,  
 Before the Father's throne confess your name ;  
 While heaven, and earth, and men, and angels hear,  
 And God, the Father, bends a listening ear.

Ye who for your divine Redeemer's sake  
 The strongest ties of nature freely break ;  
 Ye who can view with calm and tearless eye  
 Your brightest hopes like fleeting shadows fly ;  
 Ye who have freely left each costly store  
 Ye cherished once, but cherish now no more ;  
 Ye who have borne the world's rude scorn and hate,  
 And bowed submissive to your lonely fate ;  
 Ye who have felt a pang more cruel still,  
 Friendship forgotten, love grown faint and chill ;  
 Ye who, while scalding tears in torrents fell,  
 To friends estranged have bid the last farewell,  
 And gladly suffered *all things* for your Lord, —  
*Eternal life* will be your great reward.

Then shall ye mourn? lift up your weeping eyes!  
 Let faith already grasp the blessed prize,  
 Which far outweighs all ye are doomed to bear  
 In this dark world of sorrow and of care.

Ye who have wandered far from virtue's path,  
 Justly incurred God's vengeance and his wrath;  
 Ye who have roamed without a friend to share  
 The heavy load of sorrow and despair;  
 Ye who have wept o'er scenes too bright to last,  
 When faithful memory would recall the past,  
 And sadly whisper to your bursting heart,  
 Where peace, and hope, and joy, once claimed a part,  
 And brand the words upon your burning brow,  
 "Those days were pure; alas! how altered now;"  
 Ye who have mourned through many a dreary night,  
 While Conscience once more sternly claimed her right,  
 And to your soul the horrid phantoms brought  
 Of sinful deeds until then half forgot —  
 And while her thunder tones burst on the ear,  
 That fain would not, and yet must surely hear —  
 Hope fled your breast, and from your pillow sleep,  
 And left you but to bow your head and weep;  
 Ye who have felt all this, by anguish driven,  
 Renounced all hopes on *earth*, all hopes of *heaven*;  
 Who long have met, where'er your footsteps trod,  
 A frowning world and an offended God;  
 Go ye unto the gentle Nazarene;  
 Go ye, and learn what those sweet words may mean:  
 "I will have mercy; I will freely spare  
 The wretched soul that lifts the contrite prayer.  
 I came to call the outcast and the vile;  
 I came to bid the mourning sinner smile;  
 I came to seek, I came to save the lost.  
 O, ye by bitter griefs and sorrow tossed, —

Ye heavy laden, with your guilty woes !  
 Come unto me, and find a sweet repose.  
 Take ye my easy yoke, my burden bear ;  
 With me a crown of glory ye shall wear.  
 O, ye who thirst ! unto the fountain fly,  
 Receive my words, and ye shall never die ;  
 Flee from the world and all its rude alarms,  
 And seek for refuge in my outstretched arms.  
 O, wretched sinner ! lean upon my breast,  
 And ye shall find an everlasting rest."

Such were the doctrines of the Nazarene ;  
 How changed from what the world had heard or seen !  
 How changed from Sinai's laws, the laws of grace !  
 Those shook the mountain to its lowest base ;  
 These pierce the sinner's heart ; with tears and sighs,  
 He lifts to heaven his sad, imploring eyes —  
 " For Jesus' sake, Almighty God, forgive ! "  
 The prayer is heard ; *live*, ransomed sinner, *LIVE* !

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#### PART VIII.

How fierce the passions of the human soul,  
 When once they burst the limits of control !  
 Alike the stream or like the bubbling rills,  
 That take their rise among the snow-capped hills,  
 At first how gentle and how calm their flow !  
 But as they near the frowning depths below,  
 A raging torrent in its fury pours,  
 And fills the air with loud and stunning roars.  
 Nothing impedes its course ; nor tree nor rock  
 Withstands the fury of the sudden shock ;  
 Onward it sweeps, nor even glances back,  
 But leaves destruction in its ruthless track.

Alas! that thus within the human breast  
Such furious passions should find place to rest;  
That e'er affection, strong and bright to-day,  
Should wither ere to-morrow wears away;  
And hearts that hailed a friendship just begun,  
Should fiercely hate before the set of sun!  
Strange that the lips that bless, and loudly raise  
A song of love, of honor, and of praise,  
Should curse so soon, and should employ each breath  
To call down woe, and infamy, and death,  
On Him to whom they once would bend the knee,  
And gladly gather round to hear and see;  
To whom they once their offerings would bring,  
And cry aloud, "Hosanna to our King!"

A little group, with slow and thoughtful tread,  
Approached the dwelling of the silent dead —  
That narrow house, the dark and dreary tomb,  
Where Death asserts his reign of woe and gloom.  
But, lo! a Conqueror comes in that sad train,  
And he shall burst death's icy bands in twain!  
The grave to him shall yield its ghastly prey,  
And even Death shall own the Conqueror's sway!

While that sad throng seek out the lowly spot,  
By yearning love not for an hour forgot,  
Some mourn a brother, some a cherished friend,  
And all alike their tears of sorrow blend.  
Jesus approaches where the loved one sleeps;  
He bows his head, — the gentle Saviour weeps, —  
While in his sighs and in his sacred tears,  
Behold the man, the weeping man, appears!  
But when in thunder tones the Saviour cries,  
Above that tomb, and bids the captive rise,  
Behold the God, descended from above!  
Behold the God, in all his power and love!

O, King of terrors! now hold well thine own;  
 No human force breathes in that thrilling tone.  
 He comes to seize thy prey; O, Death! beware!  
 For 't is no common foe that meets thee there!  
 Compared with his, thy boasted strength is vain.  
 Not thine the power the captive to retain  
 In the dark prison, where entombed he lies,  
 When Jesus bids the sleeping dust arise.  
 The Saviour speaks, and death's dominion shakes;  
 The Saviour speaks, the silent one awakes;  
 He leaves the tomb, obedient at his nod,  
 And in the Nazarene beholds his God.

Now, tears of joy bedew each beaming face,  
 And sisters dear a brother's form embrace;  
 What heed they now of sorrow or of fear?  
 A brother's voice breaks on the raptured ear.  
 What heed they now of woe or dark despair?  
 Their eyes behold a living brother there.  
 A brother lives, a brother smiles once more,  
 And all a sister's agony is o'er.

Unto the rich man's feast a sinner came;  
 With blushes of confusion and of shame,  
 She sought that place with penitential air,  
 For she had heard that Jesus would be there.  
 She heeded not the many eager eyes  
 That rested on her face in deep surprise;  
 She heeded not the splendor of the place;  
 She only saw her dear Redeemer's face.  
 And with a tearful eye and timid mien,  
 She threw herself before the Nazarene.  
 Her trembling lips upon his feet she pressed,  
 And while the sobs broke from her heaving breast,  
 Whence bright-eyed hope and joy had long since fled,  
 An off'ring there of sweet perfume she shed.

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A frown passed o'er the Pharisee's proud face,  
That thus a sinner dared to take her place;  
Yet wondered he the more that Christ should smile  
Upon a being so forlorn and vile.  
The Pharisee might frown, and, in his pride,  
From the poor penitent might turn aside;  
But Jesus never passed the sinner by  
With careless look or with unpitying eye.  
And what cared she, that mourner all forlorn,  
That others viewed her tears and grief with scorn,  
And spurned the very ground on which she trod,  
When the sweet accents of the Son of God  
Assuaged the sorrows of her troubled heart,  
And gently bade her gloomy fears depart?  
She caught her Saviour's eye — its radiant glow  
Dispersed the clouds of darkness and of woe;  
She saw him smile — her sorrows were forgot;  
She heard him speak — 't was all the mourner sought:  
"Thy sins are many, yet I will forgive;  
Thou hast loved much, then go thy way and live."  
All other passions now were lulled to rest;  
Love, and love only, filled the sinner's breast;  
Love, and love only, breathed in every tone;  
Love, perfect love, claimed every thought alone.  
And from that hour, through many a trying scene,  
That ransomed soul followed the Nazarene;  
And still refused to leave her Saviour's side,  
Although despised, condemned, and crucified.

From Olivet's fair and embowered retreats,  
The Saviour moves through Salem's crowded streets,  
With humble air, and clad in lowly guise,  
While on each hand triumphant shouts arise;  
And loyal hearts their adoration bring,  
And raise the cry, "Hosanna to our King!"  
Daughter of Zion! hail a Saviour near!  
Lift up thy head, behold thy King appear!

O, wretched city! rouse thee ere too late,  
 Before ingratitude shall seal thy fate;  
 Flee from the wrath to come, before the storm  
 Shall spend its fury on thy haughty form.  
 The thunderbolt from heaven will soon be sped,  
 And crushing fall upon thy guilty head.  
 O! then beware! — while Mercy pleads for thee,  
 To Mercy's outstretched arms for safety flee.  
 Mercy still pleads, but cold and colder grown,  
 Thou heed'st no longer Mercy's pleading tone.  
 And though a Saviour stands within thy walls,  
 And still with love and with compassion calls,  
 And points thee out the sure and only path  
 That saves from vengeance and eternal wrath;  
 Still thou art heedless and too proud to yield;  
 Ill-fated city! now thy doom is sealed.

The Saviour of mankind weeps o'er thy fate;  
 And thou shalt weep, but weep when 't is too late!  
 Thou scornest now the chosen of the Lord,  
 And thou shalt soon receive a just reward!  
 Thou scornest now the messenger of love;  
 'T is written all in deep, dark lines above!  
 Thou hast rejected the anointed One,  
 Thou hast rejected God's eternal Son,  
 Thou hast despised, mocked, and derided him;  
 The cup of wrath is filling to the brim;  
 And thou shalt drain the very dregs that flow  
 From that dread cup of misery and woe!

The Saviour weeps; and when thy children's blood  
 Flows o'er thy streets in one dark, crimson flood;  
 When death in every form and every hue,  
 Unveils his ghastly face unto thy view;  
 When dread destruction bares its fearful arm,  
 And sounds the note of horror and alarm;

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When want, and woe, and direful famine reign;  
When shrieks for hopeless mercy rise in vain;  
When fire and sword shall lay thy pride full low; —  
Then thou shalt weep; the tears in torrents flow.  
When thou shalt see thy glory and thy all  
Transferred to Gentile hands that haste thy fall;  
When thou shalt see each sanctified retreat,  
Each holy place, trodden by Gentile feet;  
Then thou shalt raise thy streaming eyes above,  
Implore the God of mercy and of love;  
The God of mercy will refuse thy prayer,  
And hope shall yield her station to despair.

A King appears — an heir to David's throne!  
Where is the sceptre? let him take his own;  
Where is the crown? upon that noble brow  
The royal diadem should glisten now.  
A King appears; but not in princely state;  
A King appears; but not the proud and great;  
He comes not now an earthly crown to gain,  
He comes not now a Conqueror to reign;  
But seeks the altar; there he pays his vow,  
And Zion's King becomes a victim now.

A King appears; his subjects homage bring,  
And shout for joy, "Hosanna to our King!"  
But soon the cry shall burst from every side,  
"Away with him, let him be crucified!"  
And while their curses fall upon his head,  
By his own people shall his blood be shed.

A Victim comes, for man's sins to atone,  
He comes to die; O! who shall take the throne,  
The vacant throne, promised to David's heir?  
And who the crown of regal splendor wear?

The house of David long had stood unmoved;  
 It could not fall till rolling years had proved  
 God's promise sure, his declaration done —  
 "A virgin shall conceive and bear a Son."  
 But when that Son, that wondrous Son, was born,  
 And made the object of a nation's scorn;  
 When scoffing tones cried out, in proud disdain,  
 "We will not have this man o'er us to reign;"  
 Then David's kingdom fell to rise no more,  
 And David's house beheld its glory o'er.  
 The royal crown no earthly brow might wear,  
 And David's throne might find no earthly heir;  
 Nor king nor prince shall press that throne again,  
 Till He shall come whose right it is to reign.

The day had passed. The sun's last golden ray,  
 Fainter and fainter grown, had died away;  
 And while the shades of twilight softly fell  
 O'er lofty mountain and o'er lowly dell,  
 The paschal lamb was slain, the feast prepared,  
 By the disciples and their Master shared.  
 But why, O! why, upon each thoughtful brow,  
 Rests that dark shade of grief and sadness now?  
 Beside the board a gracious Lord appears —  
 His gentle voice still falls upon their ears;  
 Within their midst he still retains his place;  
 Then why should sorrow cloud each manly face?  
 Alas! e'en now the storm begins to shed  
 Its fury on that cherished Saviour's head;  
 The price is set, the paltry sum is paid,  
 The Son of man is even now betrayed.

He speaks; alas! that sweet and tender tone  
 In this drear hour has sad and sadder grown;  
 And tears half dim the Saviour's beaming eye,  
 And from his bosom bursts the rising sigh;

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As he surveys, with a paternal air,  
 The little group assembled round him there,  
 And then declares, while each word sends a dart  
 Of woe and anguish to each faithful heart,  
 That one of their own number — one of those  
 Who long have shared his wanderings and his woes —  
 Shall prove a traitor for a base reward,  
 A traitor to his Master and his Lord.  
 Whi'e every cheek grows pale and paler still,  
 And bitter pangs each troubled bosom fill,  
 "Lord, is it I?" the trembling echo flies  
 From lip to lip; and every heart replies,  
 In tones half choked by sorrow's swelling sigh,  
 And filled with anxious fears, "Lord, is it I?"  
 And e'en the traitor, with audacious air,  
 Repeats the question; yet he may not dare  
 To call the Saviour Lord, — 't is Master now;  
 But, as he speaks, with bold, unblushing brow,  
 The Saviour reads the direful thoughts that rest  
 Within the traitor's vile and sinful breast;  
 He knows each dark design, and bids him go  
 To haste the work of infamy and woe.

O, wretched traitor! o'er thy guilty soul  
 The Prince of Darkness holds supreme control;  
 Thou hast delivered all into his power,  
 And woe to thee that dark, that fatal hour!  
 Thou hast exchanged thy masters; even now  
 The infernal seal is pressed upon thy brow;  
 Thy former friends must be thy friends no more;  
 Those days of love and harmony are o'er;  
 Each tender tie is rudely rent in twain,  
 And thou shalt never join that group again.  
 Amidst the chosen few thou hadst thy place,  
 Thou once couldst view a Saviour's smiling face;

But on thy fatal mission thou art gone ;  
 Darkness is round thee ; speed, O, speed thee on !  
 Darkness is round thee ; O, how dark within !  
 How black the clouds of misery and sin !  
 The Saviour's doom is sealed, nor his alone,  
 For, wretched traitor, thou hast sealed thine own !

Silence had reigned supreme throughout the room,  
 And o'er each brow the shade of grief and gloom  
 Still rested sadly, while a heavy weight,  
 That strangely spoke of some impending fate,  
 Pressed upon every heart, and left its trace,  
 In mournful lines, upon each thoughtful face.  
 And he, whose loving arms had oft entwined  
 In fond embrace the Saviour of mankind, —  
 He who e'en now had found a place of rest  
 Upon his Master's true, devoted breast, —  
 He raised his eyes, bedimmed with falling tears,  
 That told his love, his mingled hopes and fears ;  
 And as he fixed them, with an anxious air,  
 On that dear face, and gazed intently there,  
 O ! who the pangs of bitter grief might tell  
 That rent the heart which long had loved so well,  
 When Christ foretold, in sad and mournful strain,  
 That thus on earth they ne'er should meet again ;  
 That 't was the last time he should take his seat  
 Around the board, within that lone retreat ;  
 Then raised his eyes with tranquil air above,  
 And blessed the bread, the emblem of his love ?

" This is my body, broken for your sakes,"  
 The Saviour cries, and every one partakes.  
 " This is my blood ; " the sparkling wine is poured,  
 The cup is passed around the silent board.  
 " This is my blood ; for you 't is freely spilt,  
 To make a just atonement for your guilt.

This is that blood of mine promised of old ;  
This is the blood which Jewish rites foretold ;  
This is the blood which seals the treaty made  
For guilty man ; his ransom shall be paid ;  
God shall be reconciled ; his pard'ning voice  
Shall bid the sinner's fearful soul rejoice ;  
And Jew and Gentile both shall boldly dare  
Approach the altar ; for the Victim there  
In his own blood shall make the covenant new,  
And shed that blood for Gentile and for Jew.  
And when ye meet, till time itself shall end,  
Do this in memory of your dying friend ;  
And when the last fleet sands of time are o'er,  
I'll meet you all around the board once more.

" A little while, and ye will list in vain  
To hear your Saviour's well-known voice again ;  
A little while, and ye will see no more  
The form which now ye fervently adore ;  
A little while, and where we used to meet,  
Your mournful eyes will view a vacant seat ;  
Yet be not troubled, neither be afraid,  
Nor let your drooping spirits be dismayed ;  
I seek my Father's mansions to prepare  
A place for you, all bright and glorious, there ;  
That where I am my followers may be,  
To share the glory and the bliss with me.  
If ye love me, your Saviour and your God,  
Show forth your love, and tread the paths I've trod ;  
Keep all my precepts, each command fulfil,  
And strive to do your heavenly Father's will ;  
Then ye shall dwell supremely in my love,  
And God the Father, from his throne above,  
Will hear my prayer, and many a token send  
Of sweet remembrance from your Lord and friend.

Ye long with me have shared my wants and woes,  
And ye with me shall share a sweet repose;  
But while on earth your weary footsteps roam,  
As strangers, without friends, without a home —  
While ye are wanderers in a desert land,  
Let love unite each trusting heart and hand;  
Let peace and unity forever reign  
Within your midst, nor burst those bands in twain;  
Those sacred bands that make you all as one  
With God the Father, and with God the Son.  
As I have loved, and soon shall freely give  
My life for you, that ye through me may live,  
So should ye love each other, and resign  
All that ye prized before for me and mine.  
So should ye love, and for each other dare  
A cruel death, and with each other bear  
The heavy yoke of grief, of care, and pain,  
Till ye a world of endless glory gain,  
And with your Master find a peaceful rest,  
And in his kingdom be forever blest.

“O, then, ye faithful ones, beloved band!  
Remember well your Saviour's last command,  
That all the world may view the love divine  
That proves this group of dear disciples mine.  
While on your lonely pilgrimage below,  
Your path will be through scenes of grief and woe;  
Yet be not troubled, although foes arise  
On every hand, and all the world despise;  
For well ye know your Master and your Lord  
Was hated first; and think of your reward.  
If ye were of the world, the world would smile  
Upon its own; but now it shall revile.  
Yet fear ye not, though by it often cursed;  
For know your Master was derided first;

But look beyond this dark and dreary night,  
 And view a morn of pure, unchanging light;  
 And know that when the shadows flee away,  
 And usher in that long-expected day,  
 That ye shall stand upon a heavenly shore,  
 Where sin and death can trouble you no more;  
 Where burning tears of sorrow ne'er shall fall,  
 And happiness and glory be for all.

"The hour will come, ay, even now is near,  
 When ye, who thus surround your Master here,  
 Will turn away, and leave him all alone,  
 Forget his safety, while ye seek your own.  
 Then will your love be proved, your faith be tried,  
 When ye desert a dying Saviour's side.  
 I have foretold of these heart-rending woes,  
 I have foretold of trials and of foes,  
 That, when the storm shall burst before your eyes,  
 When billows roar, and tempests dark arise,  
 Ye may find peace in me — a quiet rest  
 To soothe the passions of your troubled breast.  
 This dreary earth, instead of joys and charms,  
 Will yield you naught save woes and rude alarms.  
 Your brightest earthly prospects will be crushed;  
 But let each sigh of sad regret be hushed.  
 Though fiery darts against you may be hurled,  
 Be of good cheer, I have o'ercome the world."

The great High Priest, with calm and heavenly air,  
 Then raised his eyes in deep and fervent prayer,  
 Imploring God, in that dark hour of shame,  
 That God the Son might glorify his name.  
 Nor for himself alone arose that prayer,  
 But for the group of dear disciples there,  
 That they might be united still in love,  
 And filled with joy and blessings from above;

That, though the world might hate them and deride,  
 They still might cling unto each other's side ;  
 And, knit together in one holy band,  
 Might journey through a wild and dreary land ;  
 Till, every trial o'er, they all might meet,  
 And round the throne of God each other greet,  
 Where they would find a great, a rich reward,  
 And share the glory of their risen Lord.

Not for that group alone did Jesus plead,  
 Nor for that group alone did intercede ;  
 No, mourning Christian, tossed on life's dark sea,  
 While yet on earth, thy Saviour prayed for thee !  
 Before the cross was reared on Calvary's brow  
 He prayed for thee ! He's paid thy ransom now.  
 That prayer arose for each believing Jew ;  
 And, ransomed Gentile, Jesus prayed for you !

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#### PART IX.

YE, who have plunged beneath the crimson tide  
 That flows in torrents from the Saviour's side,  
 Yet oft distressed and tempted to repine  
 At the just dealings of a hand divine ;  
 Think of your Master, — of the Man of woes, —  
 Then blush that from your lips one murmur flows.  
 He found no place to lay his weary head,  
 Save where the drops of chilling dew were shed ;  
 He blessed his murderers with his latest breath,  
 And died for you a base and painful death.  
 Then cease your sad complaints, your mercies own,  
 And fall before your heavenly Father's throne ;  
 Your Mediator view, his love adore,  
 And praise his name for ever, evermore.



As Israel's king, with sadly-drooping head,  
From his own son in fear and terror fled,  
And crossed the stream, pursued by raging foes,  
While from his breast the troubled sigh arose ;  
And deep, dark lines of sorrow marked his face ;  
So David's Heir passes the self-same place,  
While in his path woe and destruction lie ;  
For, lo ! the Son of David comes to die !

He treads the quiet vale with pensive air,  
While his disciples closely follow there,  
And for the last time seeks a fair retreat  
Where he was wont with that dear group to meet ;  
But separation now and death are near —  
He'll meet no more those loved disciples here.  
All, all is calm and still, and scarce a breeze  
Sighs through the branches of the lofty trees  
That shade the lonely spot and cast an air  
Of gloom and sadness on each object there.  
Far in the tranquil sky the meek-eyed queen  
Of night looks down upon the solemn scene,  
And sheds her rays upon her Maker's brow ; —  
Ah ! does she know that Maker suffers now ?

In fervent prayer, upon the dark green sod,  
Behold, behold, the suffering Son of God,  
With streaming eyes raised unto heaven above ! —  
O, what a look of agony and love !  
While thus he kneels before his Father's throne,  
While from his bosom bursts the heavy groan, —  
While drops of blood, that stain the sod below,  
With burning tears of grief and anguish flow, —  
O, what a cry breaks from the aching heart !  
“ My Father, let this bitter cup depart,  
If such thy will ; if not, thy will be done ! ”  
In this dark hour thus cries the suffering Son,

While every word rings in the Father's ear,  
And weeping angels wonder as they hear.  
All heaven is gazing on the dreadful sight!  
Throughout its mansions of eternal light  
Silence now reigns; celestial forms appear;  
On noiseless wing they move from sphere to sphere;  
And, kneeling there upon the blood-stained sod,  
They twine their arms around the Son of God.

O, sinner, to that garden now repair!  
Behold the dreadful scene enacted there!  
Behold the blood, behold the tears that fall,  
And tell the anguish of the Lord of all!  
Behold the depths of agony and woe  
Those up-raised eyes, those death-like features show!  
List to the wild and the heart-rending cries  
That from his pale and trembling lips arise;  
Then quickly, sinner, to his bosom flee,  
For Jesus suffers all this woe for thee!  
Thy sins are laid upon his guiltless head,  
And for thy sake alone those tears are shed;  
For thee alone he drinks the cup of pain;  
O! shall he drink that bitter draught in vain?  
Unhappy soul! and can it, can it be,  
That Jesus suffers all these pangs for thee,  
And thou art still unmoved? canst still deride,  
And cast such deep, such wondrous love aside?  
Ah! then the sobs that heave that bursting heart  
Have sealed thy doom; thy sentence is, "Depart!"  
And the same lips that breathe the earnest prayer,  
Shall speak that word of horror and despair!

How strange the scene! in agony and tears,  
And bathed in blood, the Son of God appears;  
While his disciples fold upon their breast  
Their arms, and sink into a soothing rest,

And peaceful slumbers guard each quiet brow ;  
O, how forgetful of their Master now !  
With pallid cheek he seeks their resting-place,  
And mournfully he gazes on each face ;  
Then in a tone of sorrow and surprise,  
Mingled with love and mild reproach, he cries :  
" What ! do ye sleep ? could ye not watch one hour ?  
Beware, beware ye of the tempter's power ! "  
Again he prays ; again the sighs of grief  
Burst from the heart which finds no sweet relief ;  
And all the pangs the human heart e'er felt,  
By dark despair or cruel torment dealt,  
And all the pangs the heart may ever know,  
Were naught compared to that dark cup of woe  
That Jesus drinks, the great Anointed One ;  
And meekly cries, " Father, thy will be done ! "

And while such pangs their Master's bosom fill,  
The frail disciples, are they sleeping still ?  
Ah, little group ! unconscious of the storm  
That darkly gathers round your Master's form,  
Strong in your boasted love, how will ye stand ?  
The dreadful hour of trial is at hand.  
O ! then look up, and seek support above,  
For 't is the trial of your faith and love.  
And yet they slumbered ; balmy sleep still pressed  
Their weary eyes, and soothed the troubled breast,  
When the sad accents pierced each heavy ear :  
" Sleep on, and take your rest ; the hour is here ;  
I am betrayed, — to sinners basely sold, —  
And the vile traitor even now behold ! "

Scarce had he ceased when fearful sounds were heard,  
And now and then a quick, half-whispered word  
Broke harshly on the quiet evening air ;  
And flaming torches cast a lurid glare

Upon the startled garden, which before  
 An air of calm and peaceful beauty wore.  
 While flashing swords gave terror to the scene,  
 Judas approached the tranquil Nazarene,  
 And boldly dared his former Lord address,  
 And basely dared that holy One career.

"Whom do you seek?" the Saviour calmly cried.  
 "The Nazarene," the furious mob replied.  
 "Then I am he;" and as the accents came,  
 Deep terror shook each strong and manly frame;  
 They felt his power, — they owned that power complete, —

And, awe-struck, fell prostrate at Jesus' feet.  
 With kindling eye and with excited mien  
 The Saviour's followers gazed upon the scene;  
 And one, whose high, whose rash, but generous soul,  
 In passion's hour had never brooked control,  
 Caught up his sword and dealt a furious blow,  
 Which threatened instant death unto his foe;  
 But heavenly wisdom guided that proud arm —  
 The sword descended, — lo! the only harm,  
 One bleeding member fell upon the ground.  
 Jesus drew near, he touched the ghastly wound, —  
 The wound was healed. O! in that gloomy hour  
 What proofs of love, of superhuman power!  
 And how dare they, who have both felt and seen  
 That wondrous power, approach the Nazarene?  
 How dare they bind his form, when but a breath  
 Might then have brought the signal of their death?  
 How dare they? Ah! 't is Satan's triumph hour, —  
 The Prince of Darkness now asserts his power, —  
 The Serpent rules each heart, directs each deed;  
 That Serpent soon will bruise the "woman's Seed."

Urged onward by the rude and lawless throng,  
 The Saviour of mankind passes along

With fettered hands and with undaunted brow ;  
 But where, O ! where, are his disciples now ?  
 Not following him, his pains and griefs to share ;  
 Not by his side, — O, no, they are not there !  
 When trials came, and threatenings dark and drear  
 Foretold the tempest in its fury near,  
 The frail disciples, with alarm and dread,  
 Beheld the gathering storm, and basely fled ;  
 Left him alone amid his heartless foes,  
 Without a friend to mitigate his woes, —  
 Without a friend to drop a pitying tear,  
 Or breathe the words to wounded spirits dear.

Far in the distance, while the shades of night  
 Closely concealed his form from human sight,  
 One of that scattered band, with timid mien,  
 Just kept in view the captive Nazarene.  
 And can it be the trembling coward there  
 Is he who once, with bold and zealous air,  
 Protested that, whatever might betide,  
 He still would cling unto his Master's side ?  
 He still would follow, though it were to die ? —  
 Yet now he comes that Master to deny !

In the proud hall of sin, — the dark retreat,  
 Where bitter strife and deadly hatred meet, —  
 The Saviour stands, — himself alone serene, —  
 And calmly gazes on the fearful scene ;  
 While eyes that flash and tell the inward storm  
 Are fixed upon his firm and noble form,  
 And murderous hands his smiling brow dare smite,  
 Has he no friend to plead his cause to-night ?  
 O ! has the friend of every friendless name,  
 Whose love and pity all alike might claim, —  
 Who never bade the mourning one depart,  
 But found a balm for every wounded heart —

Has he no friend to share his grief and shame,  
To face all dangers to confess his name ?

Alas ! alas ! in this dark hour of woe  
He finds no friend, he finds no pitying foe ;  
Mocked and betrayed, rejected and despised,  
By blood-stained hands doomed to be sacrificed ;  
While foes insult, above each taunt and jeer  
A well-known voice falls on the Saviour's ear !  
A few short hours before, that very tone  
Whispered of love, of endless love alone ;  
And now, while false accusers there arise,  
Scorn on their lips and hatred in their eyes, —  
While high and low their vile blasphemies blend, —  
Ah ! does that frail disciple prove a friend ?  
He joins the crowd, enters the judgment-hall,  
Beholds his Lord mocked and despised by all.  
The hour has come, — the trying hour, — to prove  
His boasted friendship and his boasted love.

He has denied his Lord ; again he speaks. —  
No burning blush mantles the coward's cheeks, —  
Again denies, with bold and angry mien,  
His friendship for the humble Nazarene ;  
And with an oath declares he never knew  
The Man of sorrows who now meets his view.  
That fearful oath has reached the Victim's ears ;  
With aching heart and pensive brow he hears ;  
While foes deride and while a friend denies,  
Upon that friend he turns his mournful eyes.

That gentle look has pierced the wayward heart ;  
The burning tears of anguish quickly start ;  
In vain he strives those tear-drops to control —  
In torrents down his crimson cheeks they roll.

The cock's shrill note has fallen on his ears,  
 Aghast he stands and trembles as he hears.  
 At that one note what wild emotions thrill !  
 What bitter pangs his swelling bosom fill !  
 And memory all around, with sudden start,  
 Brings back the words unto his bursting heart  
 That fell from Jesus' lips : " The time is nigh  
 When thou thy Lord and Master wilt deny.  
 Before the morn shall gild with radiant glow  
 The eastern hills, or ere the cock shall crow,  
 Thou wilt deny me thrice." O ! what a power  
 That signal sound possesses in this hour !  
 The trembling form, the pale and tearful cheek,  
 Tell of the woe no human tongue may speak.  
 Unable longer to endure the scene,  
 He casts one glance upon the Nazarene ;  
 His heart is breaking with emotions deep,  
 He seeks a place, a lonely place, to weep.  
 And while he sheds the tears of sad regret,  
 His Master's form appears before him yet ;  
 He sees him mocked and scorned on every side,  
 And, more than all, he sees his Lord denied !

Ah, boastful one ! — *thy strength* thine only shield,  
 Temptation came, and thou didst tamely yield.  
 But after years of noble toil and pain  
 Have washed away the momentary stain ;  
 And he who once his Master there denied,  
 Boldly confessed his Lord, though crucified ;  
 Before a mocking race, a frowning world,  
 The blood-stained banner of the cross unfurled ;  
 Nor ever blushed to own his Master's name,  
 Although, like him, exposed to death and shame,  
 But gloried in his cross, and made his theme  
 Salvation through the risen Nazarene.

With fearless soul, till life's last pang was o'er,  
 He trod the path his Master trod before,  
 While scorn and malice poured a raging flood,  
 And sealed his mission with a martyr's blood.

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PART X.

THE streams that flowed from Calvary's  
 stained hill  
 Are flowing for the guilty sinner still;  
 The woman's Seed, who died on Calvary's brow,  
 Is pleading for the guilty sinner now;  
 And trusting ones, who, in his name alone,  
 Implore for mercy at his Father's throne;  
 Shall view the Father's smiling face, and see  
 Salvation's waters ever flowing free.

The dreary night at length had passed away;  
 Blood-thirsty hearts hailed the approach of day;  
 The Prince of Darkness marshalled all his host,  
 His faithful ones, his glory, and his boast;  
 Instilled his spirit into every soul,  
 And o'er each movement held complete control.  
 His hour had come, and, filled with hope and fear,  
 He saw the stroke, the fatal stroke, draw near;  
 The Serpent then used all his power indeed,  
 To bruise and smite the "woman's promised Seed."

On that dread morn of horror and alarm,  
 Almighty justice bared its fearful arm;  
 Demanding blood, from the eternal throne,  
 For broken laws; and Jesus gave his own.  
 "Lo! I come, Father, to fulfil thy law —  
 The sentence and the doom of man withdraw;



Of me alone its due let justice take,  
And spare the blood-bought sinner for my sake."

Soon as the sun, arising to the sight,  
With orient beams dispersed the shades of night,  
The Son of God, the mighty Lord of all,  
Calm and serene, entered the judgment-hall;  
While crowds that followed, 'mid the din and strife,  
Clamored for blood and for the Saviour's life.  
Each accusation Jesus calmly heard;  
His lips breathed not one justifying word;  
Not one offended look his features wore,  
Not one dark frown his lovely brow passed o'er;  
When by the guilty and the base reviled,  
The Son of God in sweet submission smiled;  
And Pilate wondered as, with eager air,  
He glanced around upon the rabble there,  
Then turned his eyes upon the Nazarene,  
Where God-like love and majesty were seen;  
He gazed awhile, his beaming eye grew dim,  
He cried aloud, "I find no fault in him."  
But hearts that thirsted raised again the cry,  
In wilder tones, "Let the blasphemer die!" —  
"What evil hath he done?" Each voice replied,  
"Away with him — let him be crucified!"

The raging crowd, impatient of the scene,  
Heaped their invectives on the Nazarene,  
And loudly sought that one should be released  
According to the custom of their land,  
Which then drew near (alas! before their eyes,  
With tranquil brow, appeared the sacrifice;  
The chosen Lamb stood by the altar's side;  
His doom is sealed; let him be crucified).  
And when their ruler, on whose frowning face  
Deep thought and anxious care had left their trace,

Once more demanded, with excited mien,  
"What shall I do, then, with the Nazarene?" —  
"Away with him!" the ferocious rabble cried,  
"Away with him! — let him be crucified!"  
Then he released the guilty and the vile,  
And shouts of approbation rose the while;  
And those fierce shouts grew loud and louder still  
As he delivered Jesus to their will!

Scourged, and reviled, and mocked by every eye,  
The Saviour of mankind comes forth to die,  
Wearing the scarlet robe — the crown of thorns  
Upon the brow which still a smile adorns;  
And in his hand a paltry reed he bore,  
Placed there by scoffing ones who knelt before,  
And loudly cried, in tones of proud disdain, —  
While every voice caught up the bitter strain,  
And every knee was bent in mockery there,  
As burst that shout upon the quiet air, —  
From lips that dared at God's own Son to rail,  
That cry arose, "Hail, mighty King! all hail!"

Ah! ye who round the smitten Saviour bow,  
And place the thorny crown upon his brow,  
And in his hand, in this last, trying hour,  
The slender reed, as emblem of his power;  
The time will come, the awful morn will rise,  
When the last trump shall rend the vaulted skies, —  
When vivid lightnings glare, and thunders roll,  
And strike their terrors to the guilty soul, —  
When heaven's bright legions shall to earth descend  
In dreadful pomp, and time itself shall end;  
Then ye shall view, the foremost in the scene,  
The now despised, rejected Nazarene;  
Not decked in garments that bespeak his shame,  
But robed in power, 'mid storm and raging flame;

No crown of thorns, such as he weareth now,  
 But diademe of glory on his brow ;  
 No fragile reed that mighty arm shall sway  
 Above his foes in that tremendous day ;  
 A rod of iron shall supplant the reed  
 In the strong hand of the appointed Seed !  
 That rod shall fall, with unrelenting blow,  
 And dash in pieces every trembling foe ;  
 And while they sink 'mid wails of deep despair,  
 That rise in vain upon the lurid air,  
 And loudly shriek, with wild and haggard mien,  
 For hopeless mercy to the Nazarene,  
 The Serpent, too, shall writhe beneath his tread,  
 The woman's Seed shall bruise the Serpent's head.

The sun shone brightly in the azure sky,  
 Gilding each shining dome and turret high, —  
 The warbler's notes broke on the balmy air,  
 The vine and fig-tree shed their fragrance there, —  
 As through the towering gates a lawless throng,  
 With ribald jeers and curses, passed along ;  
 While in their midst, with an unearthly mien,  
 Bearing his cross, a noble form was seen.  
 With bloody brow, which cruel thorns had pressed,  
 With pallid cheek, and with a heaving breast,  
 He struggled on beneath the heavy weight  
 Of that huge cross, — the burden was too great ;  
 Fainter and fainter grown at every breath,  
 While o'er his features spread the hue of death,  
 His trembling limbs the cross refused to bear,  
 And bowed beneath the shameful burden there.  
 And, while another the dread emblem bore,  
 The taunting mob pressed on their way once more ;  
 When, far above the noise and tumult there,  
 Arose a wail of anguish and despair ;

For faithful friends, whose tears in torrents poured,  
Who long had loved, had worshipped and adored,  
And shared the sorrows of the Nazarene,  
Now gazed in horror on that dreadful scene.  
Well they remembered that when grief and woe  
Had laid their hopes, their fondest hopes, full low,—  
Then death had taken all they prized on earth,  
And severed loved ones reared around one hearth,—  
When foes had risen with malicious art,  
And pointed arrows at the aching heart, —  
Well they remembered how a soothing voice  
Had gently bade their drooping souls rejoice ;  
Well they remembered how a smiling face  
Had bent o'er those that slept in death's embrace,—  
Had, with one gesture, burst death's bands in twain,  
Restored their loved ones to their arms again ;  
Well they remembered how a faithful friend  
Unto their woes a pitying ear would lend, —  
Would shelter them from every rude alarm,  
And throw round them his all-supporting arm,  
To guard and shield them from the gathering blast,—  
A steadfast friend, who loved them to the last.  
And as they saw that friend, in love the same,  
Marked for a felon's doom, — a death of shame, —  
From trembling lips a piercing cry arose,  
A cry of anguish for the Man of woes.

That wild lament fell on the Saviour's ear ;  
Sadly he turned — gazed on that group so dear,  
Listened awhile to catch each plaintive moan,  
Then murmured in a low and tender tone :  
“ Ye mournings ones, your lamentations keep ;  
Weep for yourselves, and for your children weep ! ”

The train passed on, gained Calvary's quiet hill ;  
The eager crowd stood motionless and still.

But hark ! O, hark ! from Calvary's sacred brow  
 The cruel strokes sound loud and louder now ;  
 The upraised hammer deals the furious blow ;  
 The nails have crushed those bleeding hands below.  
 Stroke after stroke the echoing hills repeat ;  
 The heavy iron rends the Saviour's feet.  
 On human ears the dreadful echo rings,  
 And listening angels wave their shining wings  
 In horror and amaze, while tears of woe  
 Adown their cheeks in sudden torrents flow ;  
 And stainless hearts, that never sighed before,  
 With grief and sorrow now are gushing o'er.

On either hand another cross was reared ;  
 A malefactor on each cross appeared ;  
 While in their midst, as vilest of the three,  
 The Son of God hung on the curséd tree.  
 Around the cross the furious rabble stood,  
 And as they marked the agony — the blood —  
 Loud peals of laughter shook the azure sky,  
 And priests and rulers joined the taunting cry.  
 But over all one yearning prayer arose, —  
 'T is Jesus' voice ; he's pleading for his foes ! —  
 " Father, forgive them ! " those sweet accents fell  
 Upon the ear which loved that voice so well ;  
 Those very tones, e'en now so loud and clear,  
 Are ringing in the Father's holy ear ;  
 The melting prayer that rose from Calvary's hill  
 Resounds throughout the heavenly mansions still.

The wretched thief, with wildly heaving heart,  
 With writhing brow, and livid lips apart,  
 With eyes that rolled in agony and woe,  
 Looked sadly down upon the scene below,  
 Then gazed upon the dying Saviour's face,  
 Where love and pity found a resting-place.

He saw him raise his beaming eyes above ;  
 He heard that prayer, — that prayer of wondrous love,  
 It fired the heart which guilt had rendered cold ;  
 Adown his sunburnt cheeks the tear-drops rolled ;  
 Faith, all exulting, found a place of rest  
 Within the felon's dark and guilty breast ;  
 She pointed to the Victim by his side,  
 She bade him gaze upon the ghastly tide  
 Which freely gushed from his Redeemer's veins,  
 That he might wash away his filthy stains ;  
 Then pointed far beyond that scene of gloom,  
 Far, far beyond the cold and dreary tomb,  
 To the blest morn when the pale sufferer there  
 Would be proclaimed as God's eternal heir.  
 With swelling heart, though with a fainting frame,  
 The dying thief called on his Saviour's name :  
 " When thou shalt sit upon thy glorious throne,  
 And take the crown and kingdom for thine own ;  
 When earth its dread, its awful Judge shall see,  
 In that great day, O Lord, remember me ! "

A ray of joy the Saviour's brow passed o'er,  
 A smile of love his gentle features wore,  
 As, in a calm and tender voice, he cried :  
 " When thou shalt cross death's dark and dismal tide,  
 A scene of bliss shall on thy vision rise,  
 And thou shalt be with me in Paradise."  
 O, glorious promise to that troubled soul !  
 What though the streams of ghastly life-blood roll ?  
 What though the pangs of nature rack thy brain ?  
 Thy griefs will soon be past, thy spirit gain  
 A place of rest, — a bright, a happy shore,  
 Where sin and grief, where pain and death, are o'er.  
 And when thy Saviour from the bending skies  
 Shall bid the bodies of his saints arise,

From every stain of earthly passion free,  
Thy gracious Lord will then remember thee.

A little group, with tearful cheek and eye,  
And aching heart that heaved with sorrow's sigh,  
Stood by the cross; and one there was whose woe  
None but a mother's breaking heart might know!  
Her streaming eyes were raised in wild despair,  
And fixed upon the cross — the Victim there.  
And, as she saw the streams of life-blood start,  
Each drop seemed wrung from her own bursting heart;  
And every look of sorrow and of pain  
Seemed as 't would rend that mother's breast in twain.  
And by her side appeared a manly form,  
As if to shelter from the fearful storm.  
All heedless of the scornful lip and eye,  
He only saw that bleeding form on high;  
He only saw that dear, devoted friend;  
He saw the streams of gushing blood descend  
From those torn hands, that oft had clasped his own  
In fond embrace that told of love alone.  
He saw the brow, which he had oft caressed,  
All pale and mangled, and the loving breast  
On which he oft had leaned with childlike air,  
And gently nestled close and closer there, —  
While the pure heart with love too strong to speak  
Had fondly throbbed against his pillowed cheek, —  
He saw that breast heaving with woe and pain;  
Deep anguish racked his wildly burning brain,  
And as the raging billows o'er him swept,  
The loved disciple bowed his head and wept.

With yearning heart the dying Saviour gazed  
Upon the pair; his failing voice he raised;  
In tones how loving, yet how calm and clear,  
Those gentle words fell on the mother's ear!

"Behold thy son!" he long has followed me,  
And for my sake will love and cherish thee.  
Then, turning to that fond and faithful one,  
"Behold thy mother!" be to her a son.  
O, precious trust! that noble one how blest!  
What deep emotions fill his heaving breast!  
He'll keep the sacred charge, till life shall end;  
That mother still will find in him a friend,  
Whose tender voice her sorrows will assuage,  
And gently soothe her earthly pilgrimage.

Deep terror brooded o'er Judea's land;  
A dreadful silence reigned on every hand;  
The orb of day gazed on the wondrous sight,  
And then drew back in horror and affright!  
A cry arose of agony and pain,  
Ne'er heard before, ne'er to be heard again!  
Earth hears aghast, and to its centre quakes,  
And even heaven to its foundation shakes;  
While speechless angels tremble in amaze,  
And on the Father fix their steadfast gaze.  
Creation shrieks; chaos takes up the cry,  
And endless heights and endless depths reply;  
Rocks rend, and mountains bow in awe and fear—  
Tombs burst, and, lo! the ghastly dead appear!

'T is finished; and, on Calvary's blood-stained brow,  
Around the cross the Law and Prophets bow;  
The ancient rites, the Jewish symbols meet,  
And offer homage at the Victim's feet;  
The streams of blood from the high altar pour,  
And Jewish altars fall to rise no more.  
'T is finished; lo! the Lamb of God is slain!  
The Temple's veil is rudely rent in twain;  
The glory from the Cherubim now flies,  
The Holy Place is seen by human eyes;



And Jew and Gentile now alike may meet,  
 And bow the knee around one mercy-seat.  
 The priest yields up, with reverential brow,  
 His robes, his breastplate, and his incense now;  
 And Christ, the great High Priest of future years,  
 Within the "Holiest of all" appears —  
 In heaven itself, before his Father's throne,  
 Not with the blood of beasts but with his own!  
 Both as a Victim and a Priest he stands.  
 The tender Father views those nail-pierced hands;  
 He smiles upon the perfect offering there,  
 And hears the cry, "The guilty sinner spare!"

"T is finished now; and, tottering to its base,  
 Mount Sinai yields to Calvary its place;  
 The fire, the storm, the thunders all are o'er;  
 The trumpets sound, the lightnings glare no more;  
 The Gospel age succeeds the scene of fear;  
 Mercy's sweet tones fall on the sinner's ear;  
 Redeeming love resounds from pole to pole;  
 Its wondrous music charms the ransomed soul;  
 And, more than all, the Mediator stands,  
 With winning voice and with extended hands,  
 Inviting all, by grief or sin opprest,  
 To fly for refuge to his loving breast.  
 And God, the Father, gazing on the sight,  
 Receives the wretched sinner with delight;  
 While on his brow of majesty serene,  
 Mercy and love ineffable are seen!  
 He can be just, and justify the one  
 Who seeks salvation only through his Son!

"T is finished now; nor Jewish rites alone  
 The institutions of the Gospel own;  
 For heathen temples to their centre shake,  
 And reeling gods their tott'ring shrines forsake;

The oracles peal forth one note of dread,  
And all is hushed, the dark illusion fled.  
'Tis finished now ; the sacrifice is o'er ;  
Pain may torment nor sorrow trouble more ;  
For pale and lifeless, bathed in his own blood,  
While from his side pours forth a mingled flood,  
The Son of God hangs on the shameful cross,  
And heaven is mourning, earth laments its loss ;  
While hell resounds with yells of wild delight,  
For flaming eyes gaze on the dreadful sight.  
The Serpent all-exulting lifts his head —  
The Infernal Regions tremble 'neath his tread ;  
With hissing cheers he hails the awful deed.  
The Serpent now has bruised the "woman's Seed."

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## PART XI.

WHEN trembling souls approach death's narrow tide,  
How sweet the thought, the Prince of glory died !  
When the pale mourner bows his aching head  
On the cold bosom of the cherished dead,  
And with a heaving breast and tearful face  
Clasps that dear form in one long, last embrace ;  
In trembling tones gasps forth a last " adieu,"  
And the cold grave hides from his longing view  
All that he loved, all that he prized below ;  
Yet, as he bends in agony and woe  
With bitter sobs beside the dismal tomb,  
A ray of light dispels the fearful gloom ;  
A voice is heard ; in sweet and soothing strain  
It gently whispers, " Jesus rose again !"

The day wore on ; the tragedy was o'er ;  
All nature smiled as brightly as before ;

The crowd dispersed, and all was hushed and still,  
 And silence reigned on Calvary's blood-stained hill.  
 Yet by the cross appeared a faithful few,  
 With steadfast hearts and with devotion true ;  
 Who loved in life, and death might ne'er divide  
 Those trusting ones from their Redeemer's side.  
 With mournful tread, and with a pallid face,  
 They sought the garden — a sequestered place ;  
 Followed the Master, they had loved so well,  
 To the dark grave, while tears in torrents fell ;  
 With heart of anguish and with brow of gloom  
 Beheld him laid within the rich man's tomb ;  
 Then bowed their heads in deep despair and wept,  
 And sobbed aloud where their Redeemer slept.  
 O, woman ! thine a high and nobler fate  
 Than to rule nations or to guide the state ;  
 For thine the mission, in this vale of woe,  
 To wipe away the burning tears that flow ;  
 Thine the blest lot, when all the world deride,  
 To cling still closer to the loved one's side —  
 To cheer his heart, to stay his rising moan,  
 And make his wants and sorrows all thine own ;  
 Thine the true heart which, though it bend and break,  
 Is faithful still, and never can forsake ;  
 Thine the bright gift which angels prize above —  
 The gift of pure and of eternal love !

'T was night — all nature wrapped in sweet repose,  
 Not one faint murmur on the night air rose,  
 Save, now and then, the low and muffled tread  
 Of sentinels, who watched the silent dead.  
 But as the night wore on, and the first glow  
 Of morning tinged the sleeping earth below,  
 The air was filled with dazzling beams of light ;  
 Two glorious forms, arrayed in shining white,

Burst on the view of the mailed warriors there ;  
A cry of terror rent the tranquil air ;  
Earth shook, and on her heaving bosom lay  
The pallid guards in horror and dismay.

The live-long night sorrow has banished sleep  
From the drear home where faithful mourners weep ;  
And as the first faint beams of morn arise,  
They seek the place where their Redeemer lies.  
Nearer they come — O, what a scene appears !  
Terror now stays the fastly falling tears ;  
With fear and awe their heaving bosoms beat ;  
The rumbling earth is trembling 'neath their feet !  
From the dark tomb the heavy stone is rolled,  
And by that tomb a heavenly form behold !  
Bright beams of glory cluster round his brow,  
And at his feet the trembling mourners bow.  
But, hark ! a voice breaks on the startled ear,  
A gentle voice assuages ev'ry fear :  
" Be not afraid," the smiling angel cried ;  
" Ye seek your Lord — ye seek the Crucified.  
He is not here ; he 's left this scene of gloom ;  
He is not here ; behold his vacant tomb !  
But haste ye on, to sound the news abroad ;  
Bid his disciples hail a risen God !"  
Pallid with fear his awe-struck listeners heard,  
Then turned and fled obedient at his word.  
With hasty steps, and with a throbbing heart,  
They sought the group that mourned and wept apart,  
By all the world rejected and despised,  
And torn from all their yearning hearts once prized.  
Confused and hurried, in a broken tone,  
To those loved ones they made their mission known ;  
All heard in silence, but the falling tears  
Bespoke of sorrow, and of doubts, and fears ;

And only two, and they absorbed in gloom,  
Sought out their Master's dark and dreary tomb.  
They marked the place where his dear form once lay,  
Then with sad hearts they slowly turned away.

Ah ! little dreamed they, in that dismal hour,  
That even Death had owned their Master's power !  
That he, for whom their tears of grief were poured,  
The bleeding Lord, whom they had long adored,  
Had vanquished Death, burst all his bands in twain,  
And as a mighty Conqueror lived again.  
Their souls were shrouded in the gloom of night ;  
But soon for them will burst a glorious light ;  
Soon the bright Sun of righteousness will rise  
In dazzling splendor to their joyful eyes,  
And ev'ry doubt and ev'ry fear be o'er ;  
For they will hear their Master's voice once more,  
Which oft has soothed their sorrows and their woes,  
And lulled their spirits to a calm repose —  
Which now will breathe in ev'ry scene of strife,  
" I am the Resurrection and the Life."

But there was one, with true and loving heart,  
Who would not, could not, from that tomb depart.  
Well she remembered the auspicious day  
When Jesus washed her guilty stains away ;  
Well she remembered, when in anguish wild,  
That others frowned, but her Redeemer smiled.  
And still the words in memory would live :  
" Thy sins are many, yet I will forgive."  
Still round that tomb the ransomed sinner hung,  
Still round that tomb her yearning heart-strings clung ;  
For there she saw her lifeless Master laid,  
There last his pale but smiling face surveyed ;  
There she would linger round that sacred spot,  
To weep for one who could not be forgot.

Nearer, and nearer, to the tomb she drew,  
 The tears half blinding the pale mourner's view ;  
 Then started back with an affrighted air, —  
 Two shining angels sat in glory there !  
 Who fondly smiled with beaming eye and brow,  
 And softly whispered, " Wherefore weepest thou ? "  
 The soothing voice assured her troubled heart,  
 And kindly bade her gloomy fears depart ;  
 She murmured, " Here my Lord and Master lay,  
 But they have borne that Master's form away."  
 And as she spoke, with sad and tearful face,  
 She quickly turned from the sequestered place.  
 When, lo ! a manly form appeared to her,  
 Just as she left the lonely sepulchre ;  
 " Why dost thou weep ? whom dost thou seek ? " he  
 cried.

With streaming eyes she tremblingly replied :  
 " O ! if thou knowest where my Master lies,  
 A wretched mourner's prayer do not despise ;  
 But show the place ; and love this arm shall stay,  
 While I myself will bear my Lord away ! "

A heavenly smile the stranger's features wore,  
 As thus she told her love and sorrows o'er ;  
 Then in a low and a familiar tone,  
 Sweet as of yore, thrilling as music's own,  
 He whispered, " Mary ! " — Wherefore does she start ?  
 Why bounds so high that true and yearning heart ?  
 What means the change from woe and dark despair ?  
 What means that glowing cheek, that joyful air ? —  
 " Master ! " she cries, while echoing vales repeat,  
 And falls before a risen Saviour's feet.  
 Her beaming eyes are fixed upon her Lord !  
 O, what a great, O, what a rich reward  
 For all her love, her constancy and care ! "  
 For she beholds her living Saviour there.

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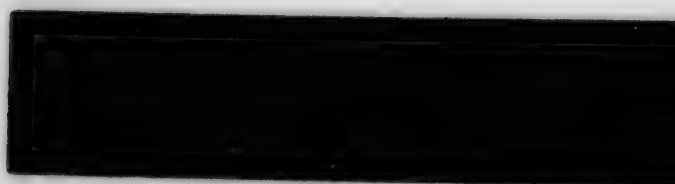
Again his voice falls on her raptured ears,  
 And tears of joy are flowing as she hears.  
 "Go tell my brethren" — (O, endearing name!  
 What! guilty sinners that sweet title claim?  
 What! that lone band of mean and lowly birth,  
 Despised and scorned by the great ones of earth,  
 Who 'mid distress and want their way have trod, —  
*They* brethren of the mighty Son of God?) —  
 "Go tell my brethren that their Lord and friend  
 Will to his God and to their God ascend."

On wings of love the happy being fled,  
 And on each hand the joyful tidings spread:  
 "Our Saviour lives, triumphant o'er his foes!  
 Triumphant o'er the tomb, our Saviour rose!"  
 Yes, Jesus lives; the "woman's promise Seed"  
 Destroyed the sting of death, and rose indeed.  
 And, ransomed sinner, in that dreadful hour,  
 Which well bespoke thy Saviour's wondrous power,  
 Thy guilty soul's redemption was secured!  
 The resurrection of thy dust ensured!

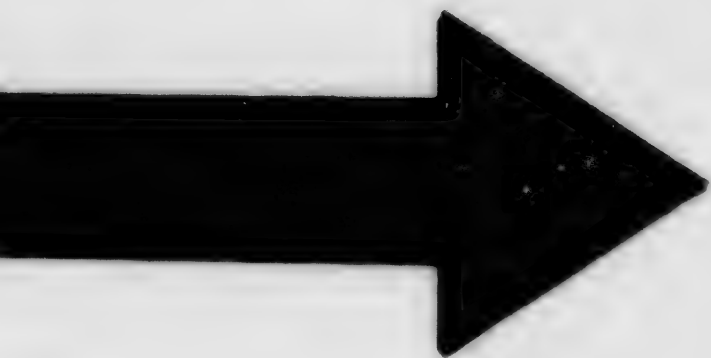
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## PART XII.

WHAT mind on earth, what angel's mind above,  
 Can sound the depths of God's eternal love?  
 A love so great as to restore a race  
 Which long had mocked his laws, despised his grace.  
 And such a ransom! O, how great, how free!  
 And all this, sinner, all this love for thee!  
 The Father gave all that he could bestow,  
 To rescue thee from endless death and woe.  
 He gave his Son, his only Son, his all;  
 O, then, before his throne in reverence fall!  
 Will he refuse thy prayer? — it cannot be,  
 For that same Son is pleading still for thee!

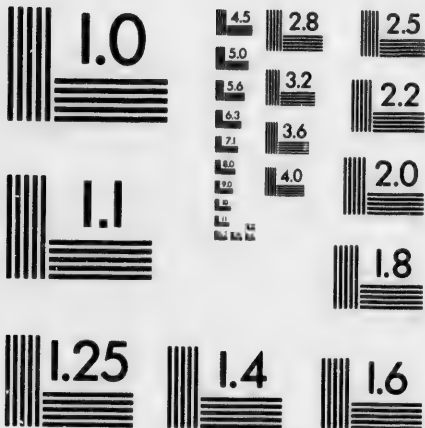






# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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And will he plead before his Father's throne,  
 And plead in vain for what he died alone?  
 Will God the Father frown upon his Son,  
 Who gave his life, that his will might be done?  
 Has he forgotten Calvary's sacred brow,  
 The cross, the tomb, the lonely garden now?  
 Ah! those pierced hands and feet, that bleeding side,  
 May well remind him that the Saviour died.  
 And when those wounds thy gracious God can see,  
 Can he forget that they were made for thee?  
 No, sinner, God cannot thy prayer refuse,  
 Although thy sins and conscience may accuse.  
 Begone, then, doubts—begone, then, guilty fears!  
 For thou art safe, so long as Christ appears  
 Thine advocate and friend; so long as thou  
 Before the throne with trusting heart wilt bow,  
 Thy God will save thee for his own name's sake,  
 Nor earth nor hell thy confidence shall shake.

The day that with such wondrous sights arose,  
 The glorious day, was drawing to its close,  
 When two disciples, with dejected mien,  
 With gloomy heart and thoughtful step, were seen  
 Sadly conversing, while the gentle breeze,  
 That softly whispered through the rustling trees,  
 Balmy with incense, bore upon its wings  
 The sad account of strange and fearful things,  
 Mingled with sighs and with their Master's name,  
 And even tears that yearning love would claim.  
 While thus perplexed with many a hope and fear,  
 A stranger, clad in coarse array, drew near;  
 With smiling face and with a friendly air,  
 He joined the lone and melancholy pair;  
 He marked the tearful eye, the drooping head,—  
 "Why thus so sad?" the pitying stranger said.

"What! art thou then so great a stranger here?  
Hast thou not heard what fills all hearts with fear?  
What dreadful sights have lately here been seen?  
Hast thou not heard of Christ, the Nazarene,  
The mighty Prophet who was crucified?"  
In hasty tones astonished they replied.  
"We deemed that he was destined to have been  
Our King and Saviour, to redeem from sin;  
But, ah! our hopes, our fondest hopes, were vain;  
For Jesus on the shameful cross was slain.  
But stranger than all this the tidings heard  
From some who sought the tomb, and brought us word  
Of angels seen, of shining forms, who said  
That Christ, our Lord, was risen from the dead."

The stranger listened, then the silence broke,  
And in a firm, reproachful tone he spoke:  
"O, doubting ones! why will ye not receive  
What all the prophets wrote?—why not believe?  
Did not the law, with all its wondrous rites,  
With all its symbols, all its bloody types,—  
Did not each promise, made to man accursed,  
Even the promise made in Eden first,—  
Declare that he, by whom the sons of men  
Should be restored to innocence again,  
Would be a man of sorrows and of woes,  
And fall a victim to his scoffing foes?  
Did not the star that dawned upon his birth,  
And hailed a Saviour to a sinful earth,—  
That rose o'er Bethlehem, and brightly shed  
Its beams around the sleeping infant's head,—  
Proclaim the advent of the glorious heir  
Of Judah's line in that lone manger there?  
And yet the serpent, raised long years before,  
'Mid dreary wastes upon a deadly shore,

Was but an emblem of that royal Seed  
 In whom the nations would be blest indeed.  
 For, as the brazen serpent, reared on high,  
 Healed those who raised a supplicating eye,  
 So Christ was doomed to hang upon the cross,  
 To heal the dying and to save the lost.  
 Could man, who long upon his laws had trod,  
 Appease the ire of an offended God ?  
 Was not the curse, framed by Jehovah's breath,  
 Eternal woe and everlasting death ?  
 O, guilty man ! 'mid depths of dark despair,  
 The Son of God beheld thee, hopeless, there ;  
 He saw thee on the brink of ruin stand,  
 The rod of justice in his Father's hand,  
 And cried with melting heart, as thus he saw :  
 ' I will go, Father, to fulfil thy law ;  
 Thy curse is resting on the sinner's head,  
 But I will suffer in the sinner's stead ;  
 Of me take justice, but the sinner spare ! '  
 And while he raised the supplicating prayer,  
 Through heaven's broad domes the wondrous tidings ran :  
 ' Behold a ransom for degraded man !  
 The Son of God a lost race will redeem ! '  
 Prophets caught up the great, the inspiring theme,  
 With hallowed lips and with a searching eye  
 That pierced the future, raised the joyful cry :  
 ' From David's house a mighty heir shall spring —  
 O, Zion, hail thy Saviour and thy King ! '  
 They looked away through many a rolling year,  
 They saw the long expected Christ appear ;  
 They saw him wander as a man of grief,  
 Bringing to other souls a sweet relief ;  
 Until at last they marked a crimson flood,  
 O'erflowing with the dying Saviour's blood !  
 Upon the altar rudely raised on high  
 They saw the sinless with the sinner die ;

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They saw the Shepherd bow his aching head,  
The 'promised Seed' and Israel's hope was dead !  
Then saw the tomb his wondrous power oppose,  
But all in vain ; for, lo ! the Victim rose !

"The appointed years their onward course had run ;  
The Father sent from heaven his only Son !  
The 'promised Seed' in deep and quiet rest,  
Pillowed his head upon the virgin's breast.  
A blameless life the holy Jesus led,  
But pain and sorrow followed in his tread.  
Mocked and despised, insulted and denied,  
Upon the cross the great Messiah died.  
The Father gazed upon the scene below,  
He marked the blood, the agony, the woe ;  
And as the Saviour's last expiring groan  
Ascended up to the eternal throne,  
With his own hand he wiped the debt away,  
Which fallen man could never, never pay.  
But with the blood of the appointed Seed  
The debt was cancelled ; guilty man was freed !  
The great Redeemer yielded up his breath ;  
And yet think ye the icy monster Death  
Could bind him long ? — he might exert his power,  
His utmost strength, — for 't was a fatal hour  
For the cold King of terrors, and his doom  
Was surely sealed unless the dreary tomb  
Could hold his lifeless victim fast ; but, no —  
The ghastly tomb held not a common foe ;  
It widely yawned, and Death affrighted fled —  
The Victim rose triumphant from the dead !"

The lonely pair, in deep and mute surprise,  
Upon the stranger fixed their kindling eyes,  
Their bosoms heaving with a strange delight,  
When, lo ! the village spires burst on their sight.

The stranger's voice had thrilled each raptured heart;  
 They could not see the stranger's form depart,  
 And, pointing to the burning orb of day,  
 Now hasting swiftly on his downward way,  
 In heartfelt tones implored him to remain;  
 Nor pleaded thus, nor urged him thus in vain.  
 Upon the board the frugal meal was set,  
 Around the board the little group had met;  
 The smiling stranger, with a well-known air,  
 Raised his dark eyes, and blessed the portion there.  
 His two companions, who with eager gaze  
 Had watched him long, now started in amaze;  
 With beating hearts sprang forward from their seat,  
 And threw themselves at their Redeemer's feet!  
 For in that voice and in that beaming brow  
 They recognized their risen Saviour now!  
 They strove to clasp him in a fond embrace,  
 But he had turned, and quickly left the place.

No longer might that happy pair delay,  
 And, filled with joy, they hastened on their way;  
 They might not rest until the faithful few —  
 Their dear companions — the blest tidings knew.  
 With hurried steps they sought the lone retreat,  
 Where they with them had held communion sweet,  
 Where they with them had mingled their own tears,  
 Had shared their joys and griefs, their hopes and fears.  
 They joined the group, who with an eager air  
 Hastened to welcome the approaching pair;  
 While hope and fear alternate filled each heart,  
 And now a smile, and then a tear, would start.  
 "O, are the tidings true? — no, no, 't is vain!  
 It cannot be our Master lives again;  
 Not till we gaze upon his lovely face,  
 Not till our eyes the cruel nail-prints trace,

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Not till we clasp his hand within our own,  
Will we believe!" — they spoke in trembling tone,  
When in their midst appeared the Nazarene!  
In silence gazed an instant on the scene;  
But, as he marked their terror-stricken eyes  
Fastened on him in horror and surprise,  
And saw them stand, pale, trembling, and dismayed,  
He softly whispered, "Be ye not afraid!"  
Then raised his hands with a familiar air,  
And pointed out the cruel nail-prints there.

A well-known group stood on the mountain's side,  
And in their midst appeared the Crucified.  
Oft had they stood in that sequestered place,  
Their beaming eyes fixed on their Saviour's face;  
But never met on Olivet's fair brow  
With such emotions as they cherished now;  
And never with such eager spirits hung  
Upon the words that fell from Jesus' tongue;  
For never had their Master's voice before  
Sounded so sweet as when, his mission o'er,  
He gathered round him that devoted band,  
To give his blessing and his last command:  
"Go ye, and teach all nations in my name —  
The Jew and Greek, the bond and free, the same;  
But first proclaim a Saviour's love to those  
Who thirsted for his blood, and mocked his woes,  
That they, believing, through his death may live,  
And know their risen Saviour can forgive.  
Ye shall declare salvation's waters free,  
And bid all nations to the fountain flee;  
And though ye meet with perils dark and drear,  
And tribulation be your portion here, —  
Though persecution, with uplifted sword,  
Shall call for blood, and your own blood be poured, —



Yet know that I, your Saviour and your friend,  
 Will be with you till life itself shall end ;  
 And with all those who boldly shall proclaim  
 To a lost world salvation through my name,  
 In every land, in every age, and clime,  
 Till the last trump shall sound the knell of time."

Now lift your heads, ye everlasting gates !  
 The King of Glory for an entrance waits !  
 He's burst the bands of death and of the tomb ;  
 Lift up your heads, and give the Conqueror room !  
 Rejoice, ye angels, worship and adore,  
 And welcome back the Son of God once more !  
 Tune all your harps, in joyful numbers raise  
 A song of love, thanksgiving, and of praise !  
 Throw down your crowns at Prince Immanuel's feet,  
 While heaven and earth the glad acclaim repeat,  
 "Worthy the Lamb ! worthy the Lamb once slain !  
 Worthy the Lamb that died, yet lives again !"

The humble followers of the Nazarene  
 In silent awe gazed on the wondrous scene ;  
 Beheld their Lord in power and glory rise  
 Up the bright pathway of the parting skies ;  
 And while they strove with piercing eyes in vain  
 To catch one glimpse of that dear form again,  
 Two angels left the bright and heavenly shore,  
 And messages of joy and love they bore.  
 O, glorious message to that faithful band,  
 Who on the mountain's top bewildered stand !  
 O, glorious sound to every ransomed soul,  
 From sea to sea, from spreading pole to pole !  
 In every age, O, tell the tidings o'er —  
 "That very Jesus shall return once more !"  
 Hark ! angel voices rend the vaulted sky,  
 In thrilling tones those shining angels cry,

"Why stand ye gazing on yon glistening dome?  
 Heaven has received your risen Master home!  
 The time will come, when, as ye saw him rise,  
 He shall descend in power the parted skies."

O, soldiers of the Cross! devoted band!  
 Press forward now — the conflict is at hand!  
 Prepare ye for the bloody battle-field;  
 Bind on your helmet, grasp your shining shield;  
 Go forth, in warlike panoply arrayed,  
 And bravely wield your trusty battle blade!  
 The blood-stained cross your glory and your pride;  
 Your motto, "Jesus, and him crucified!"  
 Your watchword, "I the chief of sinners am!"  
 Your signal, "Free salvation through the Lamb!"  
 And your alarm to the advancing foe,  
 "Judgment to come, — eternal wrath and woe!"  
 While o'er your heads the blood-stained banner floats,  
 And the loud trumpet peals its martial notes,  
 Rush bravely forward 'mid the battle's din —  
 No common prize your fearless sword shall win.  
 On, and still on! with firm and stately tread,  
 Your glorious Captain marches at your head;  
 Ye have his orders and his last command:  
 "Go, sound the Gospel trump in every land!"  
 And when ye faint and falter by the way,  
 His promise will your drooping spirits stay:  
 "Lo! I am with you, to protect and guide!"  
 Fear not; your Lord and Master will provide;  
 The victory will be yours, and the reward  
 Destined for you by your returning Lord.  
 For when the clouds reveal your Saviour's form,  
 All robed in glory, amid flames and storm, —  
 When that same Jesus shall return again,  
 A mighty King and Conqueror to reign, —

Before his throne ye shall exulting stand ;  
 Ye shall be crowned by Prince Immanuel's hand ;  
 The royal diadem your brows shall wear ;  
 Thrones shall await you, and dominion there.

## PART XIII.

WHEN the swift wheels of time have ceased to run,  
 When dread eternity shall be begun,  
 When the long, dreary night shall pass away,  
 When the last trump shall bring the dawn of day ;  
 Then ye, who, turning from earth's cares and strife,  
 Have listened to the words of endless life,  
 Shall quickly rise on love's triumphant wing,  
 And hail with joy your Saviour and your King.

The Prince of Darkness, from his station hurled,  
 Now swayed his sceptre in a guilty world ;  
 From his exalted seat he basely fell,  
 And reigned in triumph over earth and hell.  
 But, hark ! from Eden's bowers, so bright and fair,  
 Where trembling stand the first-created pair,  
 A voice is heard, loud as the thunder's roar ;  
 It shakes the new-born earth from shore to shore ;  
 Jehovah speaks, and, wrapped in fear and gloom,  
 Angels bend low to hear man's awful doom.  
 But, hark ! once more that deep-toned voice is heard ;  
 The lowest depths reëcho every word ;  
 The fallen hosts tremble with awe and dread :  
 " The woman's Seed shall bruise the Serpent's head."  
 From Eden's garden that first promise rose,  
 From Eden's garden one loud anthem flows ;  
 And bards and seers in every age and time  
 Have swelled the notes so lofty and sublime :

"Behold, he comes!" has burst from lips inspired,  
Till hearts that heard, with joy and rapture fired,  
Have raised the cry, "Ye wheels of time roll on,  
And bring to view that long expected dawn!"

The Lord will come in majesty and power;  
O! who can stand in that terrific hour?  
The sun, eclipsed by the superior blaze  
Of awful glory, will conceal his rays;  
The ghastly moon, the pallid stars, will fade,  
And all creation, trembling, stand dismayed!  
The Lord will come in vengeance and in ire,  
His breath will kindle a consuming fire;  
Before his face the burning sky will flee.  
"Gather my people from the land and sea!"  
That awful voice, while echoing thunders roar,  
And storms of fire shall sweep the broad earth o'er,  
Will pierce the lowest caverns of the tomb,  
And guilty man receive his final doom.  
O, dreadful doom! unalterable fate!  
O, horrid portion! O, eternal state!  
"Lost, lost forever!" that wild cry shall swell,  
Till hushed at last by the closed gates of hell!  
But louder still shall burst the joyful song,  
"This is our God, we've waited for him long!"

The Lord will come; the earth disclose her slain,  
And Zion lift her drooping head again;  
The hills remove, the lofty mountains fall,  
While kings shall bow before the King of all,  
And every nation, every tongue, and race,  
Before his dazzling throne shall take their place,  
Arraigned for judgment, while the trumpet's blast  
Shall loudly tell the hour of mercy past!

O, dreadful hour! when hope shall breathe "fare-  
well,"

And woe and anguish sound her funeral knell!

"Comfort my people," saith the mighty God,  
"And sound, O, sound the glorious news abroad!  
Their sins are pardoned, and their warfare o'er;  
Sorrow and sighing shall be theirs no more;  
The prize is won, their griefs and toils are past;  
The year of recompense has come at last.  
Strengthen the feeble, soothe the wounded heart;  
Bid every fear and every doubt depart;  
Say to the trembling soul, be of good cheer,  
Your God in power and glory will appear;  
Your God will come to bless you, and to save,  
And to redeem you from the icy grave."

The Lord will come; in that tremendous day,  
When earth shall reel, and heaven shall pass away;  
When storms shall rage and swelling seas shall roar;  
When lofty cities fall to rise no more;  
When crumbling thrones, from their foundations hurled,  
Shall feed the flames that wrap a burning world;  
When crowns shall melt, and kingly brows grow pale;  
Then, then, will burst one wild, one awful wail!  
Princes and tyrants will take up the cry,  
While high and low, and rich and poor, reply.

When the blest Sun of righteousness shall rise  
To set no more, within the eastern skies,  
Ten thousand times ten thousand jewels bright  
Shall glisten in the beams of morning light,  
Collected from the dark, unfathomed deep,  
Which never more such precious gems shall keep;  
From dreary wilds, from Afric's burning sands,  
From Christian countries and from heathen lands;

From lofty mountains, from the lowest cave,  
 Long, long concealed within the silent grave;  
 Resplendent they will shine around the throne,  
 When the great Owner comes to claim his own!

The Son of God had stooped to man's estate,  
 Had borne the world's contempt, its scorn and hate,  
 Had felt the pangs of human want, and wept  
 Above the tomb where a beloved one slept!  
 In his humiliation and his shame,  
 When scoffing tones reviled his holy name,  
 He pointed forward to that awful scene,  
 When robed in power the hated Nazarene,  
 'Mid fire and tempest, would return again  
 With heaven's unnumbered legions in his train;  
 When the last trump would burst upon the ear,  
 And every race before his throne appear.

And from the hour when heaven's eternal dome  
 Rung with glad shouts to hail the Conqueror home;  
 From the blest hour when angel voices cried,  
 "Ye shall again behold the Crucified;"  
 The chosen followers of the Nazarene,  
 With kindling eye and beaming brow were seen,  
 Waving the standard dyed in blood and tears  
 O'er hill and plain, demanding volunteers.  
 Reviled and hated, with undaunted soul,  
 They saw the darkening billows round them roll,  
 They saw the sword impending o'er their head,  
 They marked the place where many a martyr bled;  
 But still, 'mid persecution and 'mid shame,  
 They gloried in a dying Saviour's name.  
 When mocking foes pointed to Calvary's brow,  
 And cried aloud, "Where is your boasting now?"

They raised the cry, "The cross, the blood-stained  
cross,

For which we count all other things as loss."

"Where is your hope?" — the fearless band replied,

"Our hope is in the risen Crucified."

O, glorious hope! when racked with woe and pain,

When doomed the cup of misery to drain,

When scorned and hated by the heartless crowd,

When persecuted by the great and proud,

When in the loathsome dungeon dark and drear,

Our blessed hope disperses every fear;

With rapturous joy the o'ercharged bosom swells,

And songs of praise arise from noisome cells.

And though we slumber in the icy tomb,

Our glorious hope dispels the frightful gloom;

For Christ himself, descending from the skies,

Shall bid the pale and silent dead arise;

The dead will hear, and on the wings of love

Will quickly mount a flaming world above,

While o'er the raging elements will ring

The blissful cry, "O, death! where is thy sting?"

And one, in lonely exile doomed to roam,

Far from his country, without friends or home, —

One who had shared his Master's wants and woes,

One who had boldly faced his Master's foes, —

Stood all alone upon the rocky shore.

No sound was heard, save the white billows' roar;

No object met the lonely exile's eye,

Save the dark sea, and the extended sky;

But while he stood with sad and thoughtful air,

The cheerless desert bloomed around him there.

That barren isle, where wild the waves were driven,

Was destined to become the gate of heaven;

And he, the wanderer for his Master's sake,

Whose love nor shame nor poverty might shake,

Was destined to behold, with strange delight,  
 What ne'er before was seen by mortal sight, —  
 Was destined dread and awful sounds to hear  
 That ne'er before were heard by mortal ear;  
 But 'mid the scenes that met his raptured gaze, —  
 Amid the sounds that filled him with amaze, —  
 He saw his Master — saw the Lamb once slain;  
 He heard his voice — his well-known voice again.  
 And as he cried, in loud and thrilling tone,  
 "Lo! I come quickly to receive mine own,"  
 The loved disciple, with a beaming eye,  
 And with a yearning heart, caught up the cry,  
 "O, come, Lord Jesus!" To the loved and true,  
 Across the main, the joyful echo flew;  
 It reached the church, afflicted and oppressed;  
 It woke an answering echo in each breast;  
 And from each lip arose, in sweet accord,  
 The prayer, "O, come, our Saviour, and our Lord!"

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 PART XIV.

O, LONELY pilgrim! couldst thou pierce the gloom  
 That hangs around the cold and dismal tomb, —  
 Couldst thou but gaze, with an unclouded eye,  
 Upon the scenes that just before thee lie, —  
 Couldst thou the home of endless glory see,  
 The home eternal, all prepared for thee, —  
 This dreary earth, with all its pains and woes,  
 With all its cares, its trials and its foes,  
 Could never draw from thee a falling tear,  
 Could never fill thy trusting soul with fear;  
 Pleasure might beckon with her fleeting charms,  
 But never woo thee to her glittering arms;  
 Earthly ambition lift the book of fame,  
 But never there record thy humble name;



The storm might rage, the whitening billows roar,  
But naught could daunt the steadfast pilgrim more.

A homeless stranger in a foreign clime,  
With fearless heart and with a faith sublime,  
Bowed his aged head upon his feeble breast,  
And stretched his limbs in calm and peaceful rest.  
"The Father of the Faithful" had received  
A promise bright with hope, and had believed.  
Years rolled away; his eye with age grew dim;  
That promise never was fulfilled to him.  
A stranger, of the world a chosen heir,  
And yet without a home or dwelling there,  
He struggled on 'mid scenes of grief and gloom,  
And slept at last within a stranger's tomb.  
The gentle breezes sweep around his grave,  
The storms arise, and howling tempests rave;  
The thunders roar, the vivid lightnings glare,  
Yet for unnumbered years he's slumbered there.  
The Gentile treads upon his lifeless clay,  
And his descendants — where, O! where are they?  
Like him they wandered; but, their wanderings o'er,  
They've mingled with their native dust once more;  
While o'er the "promised land" the heathen reign.  
When will the chosen heirs their right obtain?

O, ghastly Death! exulting o'er thy prey,  
Compelling all thy summons to obey;  
The high and low of every age and land  
Have bowed submissive to thy dread command;  
Thou hast usurped the mighty monarch's throne,  
And laid him low, — a king of dust alone;  
Thou hast bereft the humble peasant's hearth,  
And torn away all that he prized on earth;  
Thou hast rent ties of yearning love apart,  
And thou hast broken many a bleeding heart;

Long, long, thy reign has been — six thousand years,—  
A dreadful reign of woe, of blood and tears!  
Heap upon heap thy pallid victims lie,  
From sea to sea. But, hark! there comes a cry,—  
Loudly it peals o'er land and rolling wave,—  
“I have the keys of death and of the grave!”  
O, icy monster! from thy cold embrace  
The mighty Lion sprung from Judah's race  
Shall seize thy prey; the dead shall live once more,  
The greedy grave its victims shall restore  
From every land, from every sea and clime,  
The old and young of every race and time.  
The heirs of promise from their dusty beds  
With shouts of joy shall proudly lift their heads;  
The slumbering Gentiles from death's cold embrace  
Shall rise triumphant, chosen heirs by grace.  
The earth will reel; from trembling pole to pole  
The fiery billows will in fury roll;  
When from the flames and from the ruins there  
Will rise a world all beautiful and fair;  
Brighter and lovelier far than when she first  
From chaos rose, before the direful curse  
Had stamped its signet on her blooming brow;  
Far lovelier, far more bright and glorious now,  
Than when the angels shouted o'er her birth,  
And gazed with joy upon a new-born earth,—  
Than when the morning stars together sung,  
And heaven's broad arches with loud anthems rung,—  
Than when Jehovah, with a well-pleased air,  
Pronounced it good, and beautiful, and fair.  
The curse removed, all stainless she will rise,  
A brilliant world,—a perfect paradise.  
Then the redeemed, a bright and blood-washed band,  
Upon her broad and blooming plains will stand;  
With swelling hearts, attuned to love and praise,  
A song of loud thanksgiving they will raise

Unto the Lamb who died long years before,  
Who lives and reigns for ever, evermore.

From lip to lip, from bounding soul to soul,  
"Redeeming love!" shall in glad accents roll;  
"Redeeming love!" shall rend the vaulted sky,  
"Redeeming love!" shall echoing spheres reply.  
Jesus shall reign; from spreading zone to zone  
He shall set up his everlasting throne.  
The "promised Seed," and David's glorious Heir,  
The eternal crown of royalty shall wear;  
The tears of sorrow never more shall fall;  
The King of kings, the mighty Lord of all,  
With his own hand shall wipe away each tear,  
With his own voice shall calm each rising fear;  
While grief and care shall bid a last farewell  
To the bright scenes where they no more may dwell.

There blighting sickness, there distress and pain,  
Shall never harm the ransomed ones again.  
There friends who loved in life shall meet once more,  
And hail each other on a deathless shore,  
Never to mark the burning tears that fell  
When last they whispered that dread word "farewell."  
The royal City, all divinely fair,  
With pearly gates and with majestic air,  
With golden turrets towering to the sky,  
Shall echo with the glad, the joyful cry  
Of "Glory, glory to the Lamb who died!  
Glory and honor to the Crucified!"  
For through her shining streets the saints shall roam,  
And find in her an everlasting home;  
With unveiled eyes the King of glory see,  
And pluck the fruit from life's unfading tree.  
Then shall the promised heirs their right obtain;  
As kings and priests those ransomed ones shall reign;

All, all complete ; for Jew and Gentile now  
Around the Saviour's dazzling throne shall bow, —  
Heirs of one promise, one in heart and tone,  
Bought and redeemed by Jesus' blood alone.

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## PART XV.

IMMORTAL man upon a mortal shore,  
Where life is but a dream, so quickly o'er,  
How canst thou cling to earth's alluring joys ?  
How canst thou prize its gay but fading toys ?  
When just before thee, but a breath between,  
Appears an unknown world, — an untried scene !  
Not such a world, fleeting and strange as this ;  
A world of endless woe, or endless bliss, —  
A glorious heaven, or an eternal hell.  
And dost thou prize thy present life so well,  
That thou wilt cling unto its fatal charms,  
And sink at last in misery's outstretched arms ?  
That thou, regardless of thy future state,  
Wilt plead for mercy only when too late ;  
And, for a few short hours of joy below,  
Spend a long, long eternity of woe ?

'T was night, — a lovely night, calm and serene ;  
The moon gazed down upon a quiet scene ;  
The gentle murmurs of the sighing breeze,  
That whispered through the tall and fragrant trees,  
Were sounds that soothed and calmed the weary breast,  
And lulled the spirit to a peaceful rest.  
Mirth called her votaries to the festive board ;  
The laugh arose, the sparkling wine was poured ;  
In pleasure's halls, with gay and thoughtless air,  
Appeared the young, the beautiful and fair ;

While radiant smiles illumined every face,  
And music lent enchantment to the place.

The wearied sons of earth had found repose,  
And aching hearts forgot their cares and woes ;  
Sleep, balmy sleep, its gentle signet pressed  
On the pale brow, and soothed the troubled breast.  
The lonely wanderer in a foreign land,  
Far from his home and "his own household band,"  
Slept but to dream of that delightful spot,  
His native home, by day nor night forgot.  
The wretched captive, with a bitter sigh,  
Folded his arms and closed his swimming eye.  
The trembling slave, tormented by his woes,  
Slept ; 't was to dream of cruel stripes and blows.  
His haughty master, filled with glorious schemes  
Of the bright future with its golden dreams,  
Sunk into luxury's arms ; in sleep the same  
Delightful visions of the future came ;  
Gold, gold their burden — bright, enchanting gold,  
The price of souls, of blood and woe untold.  
The midnight robber, with a stealthy tread,  
Upon his mission of destruction sped.  
The weeping mourner, where a loved one slept,  
With bursting heart her lonely vigils kept ;  
She bent her ear to catch the feeble moan  
That broke from lips all pale and paler grown ;  
The dying sufferer raised his eyes once more, —  
One painful gasp, and life's last pang was o'er.  
The victims of disease, with heaving breast,  
Sunk on their sleepless couch, but not to rest.

The hours wore on, and silence ruled the night ; —  
One moment more, and O, how changed the sight !  
The thunders bellow in the darkened sky,  
The moon grows pale, the sickening planets die

The earth is reeling to its centre now ;  
The ocean groans, the eternal mountains bow.  
The raging tempest and the whirlwind sweep  
Across the bosom of the howling deep !  
A voice is mingling with the awful roar ;  
It loudly swears that "Time shall be no more !"   
The last, loud trumpet rends the lurid air,  
And earth responds with yells of wild despair.  
Hell widely yawns, trembling and all aghast,  
And horrid voices echo back the blast.  
Death hears ; his throne is hastening to its fall,  
And his dominions answer to the call.  
The icy gates are opened ; millions pour  
From the dark entrance ; millions, millions more  
Spring into life, and leave the dreary tomb ;  
The trampled dust, the clod of earth, assume  
A glorious form. Lo ! from the dismal cave,  
From desert plains, and from the roaring wave,  
From mountain's brow, from valley and from hill,  
The risen dead come forth, unnumbered still.  
The first-created pair arise ; their sons  
Awake again ; the long, long mouldered ones  
Come forth to life ; and he that once outrode  
The stormy deluge, when the waves o'erflowed  
The mountain tops, and rolled in fury dark,  
Now leaves his tomb, and sheltered in his ark,  
In Christ, his friend, his Saviour and his all, —  
Though rocks are rending, though the mountains fall, —  
He smiles, for he is safe ; the fiery wave  
Can harm him not. Behold, Machpelah's cave  
Is bursting, and the patriarch appears !  
Not bowed beneath the weight of rolling years,  
But strong and stately as in manhood's prime ;  
Ay, nobler far, for now a form sublime  
Like unto Christ's is his. Prophet and priest  
Have heard the signal sound, and all, released

From Death's cold bondage, rise to life once more.  
 From waving sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 The good and meek are springing from the sod,  
 All fashioned like the glorious Son of God!  
 The old and young, the once deformed and fair;  
 The smiling youth, the lovely babe, all share  
 In that blest image; now divinely bright,  
 And clad in robes of everlasting white,  
 They quit the dust! "O Death, where is thy sting?"  
 In joyful strains those ransomed beings sing.

The ashes of the holy martyrs slain,  
 Scattered by swelling winds o'er hill and plain,  
 Tossed o'er the land and o'er the raging wave,  
 Denied that boon, a calm and quiet grave, —  
 Are all collected now, and in their place  
 See shining forms adorned with heavenly grace!  
 With shouts of joy, behold, behold they rise!  
 They bend their way toward the flaming skies;  
 For in mid heaven, 'mid floods of dazzling light,  
 The Son of man appears; O, joyful sight  
 To those who long in exile and oppressed  
 Have sighed for home, for their eternal rest!  
 O, glorious sight to every ransomed one,  
 Who faithful to the last the race has run;  
 Who has renounced the world with all its charms!  
 O, glorious sight to them! — the outstretched arms  
 Of their eternal King embrace them round;  
 Lightnings may flash and awful thunders sound;  
 Mountains may be "from their foundations hurled,"  
 But they "can smile upon a burning world!"

O, dreadful sight to those who never felt  
 The pardoning love of Heaven! — who never knelt  
 In deep and fervent prayer! — who proudly spurned  
 The altars where the heart's pure incense burned!

O, horrid sight to those who once could raise  
 The eye of faith, and through their Saviour gaze  
 Upon a smiling God ! — who once could bear  
 The cross, the shameful cross — who once could dare  
 The scoffs of earth, and all its charms resign ;  
 Who once could lay upon the altar's shrine  
 Wealth, ease and comfort ; but who turned away,  
 Laid down the cross, and wandered far astray.  
 Earth called to them ; they answered to the call ;  
 They lost their hope, and they have lost their all !

O, dreadful sight to the gay ones of earth,  
 Who sought the scenes of revelry and mirth ;  
 Who but an hour before joined in the dance,  
 Smiles on each lip and joy in ev'ry glance !  
 O, what a change ! Horror, and black despair,  
 Distorted brows, and hell-doomed forms, are there.  
 O, dreadful sight to those who often heard  
 The cry, " Repent ! " and trembled at the word ;  
 Who sought to drown the voice, 'mid earthly charms,  
 That loudly called them to the Saviour's arms ;  
 Who cried, " Not now, go once more on thy way,  
 I will receive thee at some future day ! "  
 O, horrid sight to them ' O, horrid fate !  
 They shriek for mercy ! Ah ! it is too late !

The dead arise to meet their coming King, —  
 They mount, they mount, on love's triumphant wing.  
 The living saints are changed ; the time-worn brow,  
 The furrowed cheek, are more than youthful now.  
 The trembling form — that once from door to door,  
 Arrayed in tattered garments, would implore  
 For charity, or, with a tearful eye,  
 Would stretch the palsied hand to passers-by —  
 Shines in immortal robes, supremely blest.  
 The victims of disease, the long-distressed,



Freed from all grief, from ev'ry earthly stain,  
 Mount o'er the couch of suff'ring and of pair,  
 Never to sorrow more, never to know  
 The blighting pangs of sickness or of woe.  
 The lonely mourner, who had sighed and wept,  
 And o'er the cherished dead her vigils kept,  
 Beholds the shrouded form immortal rise,  
 And with that loved one seeks the beaming skies.

O, what a meeting ! every saint is there,  
 And angels in that joyful meeting share, —  
 Prophets and martyrs, patriarchs and seers, —  
 And in their midst the Son of God appears !  
 They see the Lamb who died on Calvary's brow  
 To rescue them, and they are like him now !  
 They see him as he is, a mighty King,  
 The Lord of lords ; and hark ! — O, hark ! they sing.  
 " This is our God, — we've waited for him long, —  
 This is our God ! " swells the triumphant song.

O, what a parting ! what a scene below !  
 Despair and horror, agony and woe ;  
 Friends part with friends, who loved in days of yore,  
 Brothers with brothers part to meet no more.  
 The little group that met around one hearth,  
 Around one board, and claimed one common birth,  
 That loved in life, that shared each other's pain,  
 Have parted now, never to meet again.  
 Days may roll on, and weeks, and months, and years,  
 A long, long, long eternity appears,  
 But they shall meet no more ; shall never gaze  
 Upon each other's face. Eternal rays  
 Of glory cluster round the ransomed one ;  
 His griefs and toils are past, his labors done.  
 Alas ! the remnant of that household band,  
 With pallid brows, weeping and wailing stand.

Their hopes and joys are past ; they ne'er shall know  
 The sweets o' friendship ; for eternal woe  
 Awaits them now, and love shall never more  
 Soothe their torn hearts ; for love, to them, is o'er !

The mighty king, whose word was once a law,  
 To whom the nations bent the knee in awe,  
 With death-pale cheek and with a heaving breast,  
 Beholds his subjects, whom he once oppressed,  
 Shine brighter than the sun at noontide glow,  
 And he himself doomed for the pit of woe.  
 The haughty tyrant, who had set aside  
 The laws of God, and scornfully denied  
 The boon of freedom, Heaven in mercy gave,  
 And made his brother man a wretched slave ;  
 He sees the poor, oppressed, down-trodden ones,  
 Afric's despised and long-degraded sons,  
 Whom he disdained as fellow-men to own,  
 Joint heirs with Christ of an eternal throne !  
 He sees them free, himself a fettered slave,  
 Bound for the burning lake, with none to save !

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#### PART XVI.

Who would not suffer pain, and want, and woe,  
 And all the ills of nature here below, —  
 Who would not dare the shame, the scorn, the strife,  
 To have a right unto the tree of life ?  
 Who would not bear the cross to wear a crown ?  
 Who would not face the world's malicious frown  
 To win the favor of the great " I am,"  
 And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb ?

The great millennium has dawned at last !  
 Time rolls away — the thousand years have passed ;  
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The wicked den awaken from the tomb ;  
 Hell yield its prey, and antedates their doom.  
 The mighty heroes who have slumbered long,  
 And been the burden of the poet's song —  
 Above whose lowly dust the marble proud  
 Has pointed out to the admiring crowd  
 Where slept the great of earth — behold, they come !  
 But not with banner, nor with beating drum.  
 No herald sounds the hero's storied name,  
 No laurel wreaths their victory proclaim.  
 The sculptured tomb yields up its royal dead,  
 For haughty kings obey the summons dread ;  
 And they to whom the nations bowed the knee,  
 Who swayed their sceptre over land and sea,  
 Come quickly forth, and, with a crownless brow,  
 Stand undistinguished from the peasant now.

All nations gather round the great white throne ;  
 Though vast the crowd, each for himself alone  
 Stands at the judgment-bar ; nor sigh nor word  
 Escapes that vast assembly ; naught is heard  
 Throughout the broad creation ; every sphere  
 Stands motionless, pausing as if to hear  
 Man's final doom of bliss or black despair.  
 The books are opened ; every name is there,  
 Engraved by hand almighty and divine,  
 And every deed and every dark design  
 Is there recorded ; every word and thought.  
 Another book is opened ; not a blot  
 Appears on its fair pages ; every name  
 Is bright with glory and immortal fame.  
 And there are deeds of valor, deeds of love,  
 Lightly esteemed on earth, but prized above ;  
 Each tear, each sigh, each supplicating prayer,  
 Each pure desire, all are recorded there.

The Judge arises from the judgment-seat,  
Each knee is bent, each heart forgets to beat.  
The righteous hear the joyful sound, "Well done."  
The prize is theirs, the victory is won.  
Dark grows the Judge's brow, dark and severe;  
Those at the left their awful sentence hear:  
"Depart, ye cursed!" — one terrific yell,  
They sink, they sink, into an endless hell!  
In chains of everlasting darkness bound,  
Through all eternity to hear no sound  
Save howls of spirits lost, and horrid cries  
Of the dread worm that never, never dies!  
The gates are closed, never to open more;  
Satan's dominion and his power are o'er!  
Chained on the burning lake he rages there,  
His legions shrink away in deep despair!  
The gates are closed; the monsters, Death and Sin,  
The Serpent's offspring, shut forever in,  
Howl round their prey, which, in their turn, reply  
With curses, and with shrieks of agony,  
Yet most tormented by the dreadful thought,  
"Pardon was offered — we received it not!"

The earth renewed presents a glorious scene:  
Mountains and valleys of perpetual green;  
Delicious plains, and odorif'rous bowers,  
Unfading forests, never-dying flowers;  
Fruits that on fragrant trees immortal grow,  
Rivers that murmur sweetly as they flow,  
And gardens decked with everlasting spring,  
And shining warblers on the tireless wing.  
No howling tempest breaks the sweet repose,  
No piercing thorn surrounds the blushing rose,  
No sultry heat parches those blooming plains,  
No night is known where day forever reigns;

No thunder's roar, no lightning's vivid glare,  
No darkened sky, disturbs the beauty there.

The royal city, the divine abode  
Of ransomed men and their eternal God,  
Rises 'mid blooming bowers and lofty trees,  
And waves its banners to the gentle breeze.  
Upon its pearly gates and shining walls  
A flood of everlasting glory falls,  
And tinges with its own delightful glow  
The lovely river murmuring below.  
That river from the living fountain springs,  
And, guided by the mighty King of kings,  
It wanders through the saints' celestial home,  
Where, robed in white, the ransomed nations roam  
Through golden streets, and gardens bright and free;  
And on its banks stands life's unfading tree.  
All, all is bliss, and love, and glory there;  
No pain, no sickness, no corroding care,  
No grief, no aching hearts, no tearful eyes,  
No broken bands, and there no severed ties;  
For, o'er those broad and beautiful domains,  
The Prince of Peace, the great Immanuel reigns.  
The good have met, of every age and land,  
Around the throne a glorious throng they stand;  
The crown of life, the blood-washed robes they wear,  
The conqueror's palms of victory they bear;  
They bend the knee, they raise the joyful eye;  
And hark! O, hark! that vast assembly cry,  
"Worthy the Lamb to be exalted thus,  
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"  
And angels with the ransomed millions sing,  
"Glory and honor to our God and King!"

## RELIGION AND CONSOLATION.

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As morning's earliest beams began  
To light the homes of sleeping man,  
Two radiant forms, with heavenly air,  
With beaming eyes and waving hair,  
Approached, with footsteps soft and still,  
The summit of a lofty hill,  
Which overhung a lovely glen,  
Far from the busy haunts of men.

Beneath a proud and mighty oak,  
Which oft had warded off the stroke  
Of raging storm and howling blast  
Upon its noble visage cast,  
They sat them down with twining arms;  
And while a thousand blissful charms  
Shone forth in sweet and quiet grace,  
They gazed into each other's face.

Sisters they seemed of kindred heart,  
And never formed to live apart;  
And though they now had made their home  
Upon the earth, where mortals roam,  
Yet something in their aspect told  
That they were not of human mould;  
That though they now were seen on earth,  
They surely were of heavenly birth.

Happy and pure their souls had been,  
Unknown to care, unstained by sin ;  
But now a shadow, dark and sad,  
O'erspread their brows once gay and glad ;  
And shining tears began to flow,  
As they gazed on the scene below.

" Ah ! sister, dear," the youngest sighed,  
" Behold that young and lovely bride !  
But yester-morn a joyful train  
Passed over yonder flowery plain ;  
And she, who weeps in anguish now,  
Breathed forth the sacred bridal vow,  
And plighted heart and hand to him  
Whose ear is dull, whose eye is dim ;  
But yesterday a happy bride,  
Standing by a loved husband's side ;  
But now, of woe the hapless prey,  
She mourns, a widow lone to-day."

The other bowed her gentle head,  
And in a mournful whisper said :  
" Go, sister, go, and cheer her heart ;  
Bind up each bruised and aching part.  
Thine is the power to soften grief,  
And thine the power to bring relief."

" O, no ! though gladly I would fly,  
And wipe the tear-drops from her eye ;  
Though gladly I would bring a rest,  
A balm unto her wounded breast ;  
Mine's not the power, though mine the will,  
To bid the raging storm be still.  
She weeps, but 't is in deep despair ; —  
My tender office comes not there ;

For how can I with such grief cope?  
She weeps as those who have no hope.  
And well thou knowest, sister dear,  
Thy voice has never reached her ear.  
Thou knowest well that in her heart  
Thine image never claimed a part;  
That thou wert gazed upon with scorn,  
By that proud soul, in youth's bright morn;  
And still with lofty pride she spurns  
The altars where thy incense burns.  
Then how can I an entrance win  
Where my sweet sister ne'er has been?  
O! how can Consolation cheer,  
When bright Religion comes not near?"

Religion raised her tearful eye,  
And murmured with a bitter sigh:  
"O, gladly, gladly, would I go,  
And ease her spirit of its woe!  
But often have I crossed her way,  
And bade her for one moment stay,  
To hear the doctrine that I taught;  
And yet she heard, she heard me not;  
But with an air of scorn and pride,  
She coldly spurned me from her side!  
Nor me alone, but with a look  
Of proud disdain and harsh rebuke,  
She spurned the mighty Son of God;  
She spurned the paths where he had trod;  
And with quick footsteps hurrying on,  
She bade me from her sight begone,  
And seek the old, the poor, the low,  
And those bowed down with grief and woe;  
But that *her heart* was light and free,  
And she had no desire for me.



But now she sheds the burning tear;  
Not even Hope can linger near;  
For she, sweet sister, follows thee,  
And thou hast ever followed me.  
Where'er thy gentle footsteps stray  
Mine own have always led the way;  
And I have never filled one place  
Which has not seen thy smiling face.  
Truly thou canst afford no balm  
Her anguish and her woe to calm;  
For she has scorned that glorious One,  
Our great Protector, and our Sun,  
And she has scorned thy sister's aid;  
And now the dark, the dismal shade  
Of hopeless grief rests on her soul,  
And she must bow to its control."  
And as she spoke the gentle pair  
In sorrow wept together there.

The lonely mourner bowed her head,  
And with a sob of anguish said:  
"Ah! little thought I when the sun  
At yester morn his race begun,  
That I, a bride, the gay and blest,  
Long, long before he sunk to rest,  
The tears of agony would shed  
Above the wedded, but the dead!  
I little thought that I, to-day,  
Should cast my bridal robe away;  
And wear instead the sable dress,  
Which now proclaims my loneliness.  
Ah! little thought I that the hand,  
Joined with mine own in holy band,  
To-day would rest so cold and still;  
And the dark eye, that well might thrill,

My beating heart would thrill no more,  
While mine the burning rain would pour !  
I little thought to-day his bride  
Would stand a widow by his side,  
And, with a heart o'ercharged with woe,  
Behold her every hope laid low ; —  
Her every hope ; for now, O, where  
Can she find refuge from despair ?

“ And yet I recollect the day  
When my dear mother passed away  
From this dark world, with her last breath,  
Almost expiring in death,  
She faltered forth, in thrilling tone,  
‘ My child, I leave thee not alone !  
Trust in my God, and He will be  
A friend, a constant friend, to thee.  
O, seek Religion in thy youth !  
She ’ll lead thee in the paths of truth ;  
She ’ll fill with peace thy aching breast,  
And guide thee to the port of rest.’

“ Religion soothed my mother’s fear  
When Death with icy form drew near ;  
And with a calm and joyful eye  
She quitted earth without a sigh ;  
For bright Religion threw her arm  
Around her form to shield from harm ;  
And with that sure and steadfast stay  
Her soul passed peacefully away.

“ O, that I too could find relief —  
A balm for this oppressive grief !  
Where shall I seek it ? — ’mid the crowd,  
Among the haughty and the proud,

Where I have moved a worshipped queen,  
The fairest, gayest, in the scene ?  
Or in the halls of festive cheer,  
Where music's peal falls on the ear ;  
Where oft, with light and bounding tread,  
With beaming eye and lofty head,  
I've joined the gay and merry throng,  
And raised with them the festive song ?  
In those bright scenes can my dark woes  
Find for themselves a sweet repose,  
To stay the current of despair ?  
Ah ! something whispers, No, not there !  
Not there ! not there ! — for laughing tones  
Would strangely echo back my moans ;  
And music's soft and thrilling strain  
Would harshly grate upon my brain ;  
And every jest of thoughtless glee  
Sound like a funeral knell to me.

“ Earth has no power, no pleasure, then,  
To charm my weary soul again ;  
For earthly joys can ne'er impart  
The peace that heals a broken heart.  
And if there is no peace on earth,  
No joy for me 'mid scenes of mirth,  
O, is there no sweet balm above,  
Dealt out by Heaven's all-bounteous love,  
To ease the heavy load of care ;  
And is there no Physician there ? ”  
She bowed her head, and tears like rain  
Rolled swiftly o'er her cheeks again ;  
When, kneeling down with humble air,  
She raised the contrite spirit's prayer.

And while she prayed, in thrilling tone,  
Before the great, Almighty Throne,

For mercy, pardon, and for grace,  
A holy splendor filled the place ;  
A cloud of glory quickly spread  
Around the mountain's lofty head ;  
A choir of angel harps were heard,  
By pure and joyful passions stirred ;  
Through heaven's broad dome the echo ran,  
And one, like to the Son of man,  
In robes of majesty arrayed,  
Drew near ; a gentle hand he laid,  
Bearing the nail-prints even now,  
Upon Religion's drooping brow.  
She started with a joyful cry,  
Reëchoed by the throngs on high ;  
And as the pealing anthem sped,  
Three radiant forms, with wings outspread,  
Flew quickly through the airy tide,  
And stood upon the mountain's side ;  
Forgiveness first, with beaming brow  
Where love and mercy rested now ;  
While Hope and Faith with eager eyes,  
And pinions fashioned in the skies,  
Followed and quickly took their stand  
At Consolation's own right hand.  
Forgiveness caught a golden beam  
Of pardon from the living stream  
Of boundless love, which freely ran  
From God's own throne, for guilty man,  
And twined it in a glittering band  
Around the sceptre in her hand ;  
Then clapped her wings, and swiftly flew,  
While bright Religion followed too ;  
And Consolation with her train  
With gleaming pinions sought the plain.

Forgiveness her fair sceptre raised ;  
With beaming eyes the mourner gazed ;  
And as her bounding spirit caught  
The pardon that it freely brought,  
Religion, with her simple art,  
Stole softly to the beating heart ;  
And Consolation, with an air  
Of heavenly fondness, nestled there ;  
While Hope and Faith lent their glad wings  
To raise her soul from earthly things.

Unto the bright and beaming skies  
The mourner raised her joyful eyes,  
And murmured, now resigned and calm :  
" There is in heaven a soothing balm,  
There is a great Physician there,  
To heal each wound, to soothe each care.  
Him I have found, the balm I've won,  
And, Father, now thy will be done !"  
Then angels tuned their harps again  
Unto a high and holier strain,  
And chanted in their homes above  
The wonders of redeeming love.

## THE BROTHERS.

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### PART I.

THE sun had set ; the long, bright day  
Had melted into twilight gray ;  
The rising moon shed her first beam  
On smiling plain and mountain stream ;  
Nature had calmly sunk to rest,  
The dew-drop on her peaceful breast ;  
While angel fingers folded up  
The petals in each tiny cup,  
And lulled into a sweet repose  
The lily and the blushing rose.  
Within a fair, embowered retreat,  
Where they were often wont to meet,  
With arm in arm two brothers stand,  
And each one grasps the other's hand ;  
Each gazes in the other's face,  
Where sorrow now has left its trace ;  
Each eye is dim, and pale each brow ;  
The lips of each are trembling now ;  
Each heart with grief is gushing o'er ;  
They part, perchance to meet no more !

“ Brother, when next our tearful eyes  
Shall view the pallid moon arise,  
When next we mark yon evening star,  
Thy home and mine will be afar

From these dear scenes ; thine on the main,  
And mine upon the battle-plain.  
How oft we 've wandered arm in arm,  
To view each beauty and each charm  
That clustered round this peaceful spot !  
(O, days that ne'er may be forgot !)  
What hopes we formed, what bright plans then,  
What deeds to do when we were men !  
Alas ! those blissful hours are o'er ;  
They may return to us no more.  
No longer ours the buoyant heart —  
For, O, dear brother, we must part !  
Long years may pass before we stand  
Thus side by side, thus hand in hand ;  
But let us hope, though youth be o'er,  
That we in love shall meet once more.”  
The elder spoke. His haughty brow,  
His flashing eye, grew tender now ;  
He drew still nearer to his side  
The younger one, who thus replied :

“ Brother, no tongue my woe can tell,  
As we together bid farewell  
Unto our childhood's happy home,  
And then as lonely wanderers roam.  
We've often sought this lovely bower,  
Yet never knew I till this hour  
How dear thou wast unto my heart,  
Nor thought how hard 't would be to part.  
And, O, if ever we should meet  
Within this fair, this dear retreat,  
God grant we may not meet estranged !  
But, brother, we shall both be changed :  
Relentless time will leave its trace  
Upon each brow, upon each face ;

New cares be ours, new hopes and fears,  
 And we shall change with rolling years.  
 I go beyond the dark blue wave;  
 In foreign lands may be my grave.  
 Thee, glory, with its martial strain,  
 Summons unto the battle-plain.  
 I go unto a nobler field,  
 My helmet hope, and faith my shield.

"The trumpet's wild and rude alarms,  
 When loudly calling thee to arms, —  
 The cannon's roar, the deafening cry  
 That shakes the earth and rends the sky, —  
 Will be like music to thine ear,  
 And music that thou lovest to hear.  
 For me, the penitential prayer —  
 'O, Lord, the chief of sinners spare!' —  
 Will be as sweet as angel's tone  
 When swelling round the Eternal Throne.  
 The warrior's wreath, the warrior's prize,  
 Will fascinate thine eager eyes;  
 The blood-stained laurels thou wilt twine  
 Around that youthful brow of thine,  
 And thou wilt struggle for a name,  
 For earthly honors, earthly fame.  
 I go; 't is not for ease nor wealth,  
 I sacrifice my home and health,  
 My life, my all; not for a name —  
 No, brother, not for earthly fame;  
 But I may hope, when life is o'er,  
 To reach a bright, a blissful shore,  
 A home all beautiful and fair,  
 And find my name recorded there.  
 Like thee, I seek the battle-field;  
 Like thee, I'll never, never yield;



My foes are strong and fierce as thine ;  
My glorious Captain is divine.  
With his own blood, for sinners shed,  
He marks the path I have to tread.  
He spreads his banners to the sky ;  
He bids me haste, he bids me fly,  
By all his sufferings on the cross,  
To save the dying and the lost ;  
By all his agony and woe,  
By all his love, he bids me go  
To lands enshrouded by despair,  
To plant his glorious standard there !  
And it shall be my highest aim  
To publish, through my Master's name,  
A Saviour's love, a Saviour's grace,  
Unto a sinful, heathen race.

“ We part — and we may never meet,  
May never hold communion sweet ;  
But there's a world beyond the grave,  
Beyond death's dark and gloomy wave —  
A rest I humbly hope to share ;  
O, brother ! shall I meet thee there ?  
We've shared on earth one common home,  
And one in heart we still shall roam ;  
We've loved, we've soothed each other's grief,  
And each to each has brought relief ;  
O ! shall we meet around the throne,  
With crowns of life, and heaven our own ?  
Shall we both join the blood-washed throng ?  
Shall we both swell the Conqueror's song ?  
O, brother ! that devoted band,  
From ev'ry clime and ev'ry land,  
Have washed away their guilty stains  
In blood drawn from Immanuel's veins.

And *thou* must plunge beneath the flood  
 Filled with the dying Saviour's blood;  
 Thou, too, before the throne must fall,  
 Resign thy pride, thy will, thine all,  
 Thy eager thirst for earthly fame —  
 Before the world confess His name;  
 Or thou canst never reach the shore  
 Where grief and pain are felt no more.

“Thou oft hast frowned when I have shown  
 The way to God's Eternal Throne; —  
 'Twas galling to thy haughty heart; —  
 But since that we so soon must part,  
 Thou wilt not frown, thou wilt not chide;  
 And when the waves shall us divide,  
 And I no more thy form can see,  
 O, then I'll bend the suppliant knee;  
 I'll pray, as ne'er I prayed before,  
 That if on earth we meet no more,  
 We each may grasp the other's hand  
 Within the bright, the better land,  
 And crowns of life and glory wear!  
 O, brother, seek an entrance there!”

The haughty youth did not reply,  
 The tear-drop filled his dimming eye;  
 Upon his brother's face he gazed,  
 And each their trembling voices raised:

“Brother, we part, we part;  
 We leave our childhood's home;  
 With faltering step and heart,  
 We lonely wanderers roam;  
     In forests green,  
     On hill, in dell,  
 We meet no more;  
     Farewell, farewell!

" Brother, we part, we part ;  
To-morrow's sun shall set  
On throbbing brow and heart  
That never can forget.  
With love the same  
Each heart shall swell  
Through rolling years ;  
Farewell, farewell !

" Brother, we part, we part ;  
And if we meet no more,  
We'll meet with yearning heart  
Upon a better shore.  
Then, then, our bliss  
No tongue can tell.  
Brother, we part ;  
Farewell, farewell ! "

The song had ceased : again they spoke,  
Again the painful silence broke.  
" Brother, we'll set a day, a year,  
When we will meet together here ;  
If we are spared, in ten years more  
We'll seek again our native shore, —  
Together roam o'er hill and glen.  
Adieu, dear bower ; adieu, till then ! "

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PART II.

YEARS rolled away — ten dreary years,  
With all their changes, hopes and fears.  
The sun was sinking ; his last fires  
Rested upon the church's spires ;  
The moon was rising to the view,  
Amid the broad expanse of blue,

When, crossing o'er the village green,  
A lonely wanderer was seen.  
With faltering step he moved along;  
He heard the nightingale's sweet song;  
He heard the low and gentle breeze  
Sigh softly through the fragrant trees;  
He saw his childhood's home again,  
And burning tear-drops fell like rain.  
All nature looked as calm and fair  
As when a boy he wandered there;  
The forest bright and green as then;  
As beautiful the hill and glen;  
The church its lofty spire still reared,  
And there his father's house appeared.  
But, ah! he saw the forms no more  
That used to cluster round the door;  
He heard no more the joyful tone  
That used to welcome him at home;  
He saw no more the smiling face,  
Received no more the fond embrace.

"I view the scenes of other years,  
I view my childhood's home;  
Why fall so fast, ye scalding tears?  
And why, my heart, so lone?

"Ten years have passed since last I gazed  
Upon this peaceful spot;  
Ten long, long years — alas! alas!  
What changes they have wrought!

"The wild flowers blossom in the dell,  
The stream runs just as clear;  
But, O, the friends I loved so well  
May never meet me here!

"The gardens bloom, but not as then;  
No tender hand bestows  
Its care upon the trailing vines,  
Or on the fragrant rose.

"There stands our old ancestral home,  
And there the tall elms wave;  
But, ah! they cast their shadows o'er  
My father's lowly grave.

"And by his side another sleeps  
Within that dreary bed,  
Where death alone his vigil keeps, —  
My mother, too, is dead.

"All that I loved have passed away,  
And, O, how changed am I! —  
I went with health upon my cheek,  
I now return to die.

"From India's burning clime I come,  
With pale and haggard brow;  
Just spared, perhaps to view this hour; —  
O, brother! where art thou?"

He spoke no more; with drooping head,  
And with a slow and thoughtful tread,  
He sought the bower — the chosen bower;  
He waited till the appointed hour.  
No brother came. With anxious brow,  
And heart that beat all wildly now,  
He wandered forth and gazed around;  
When, lo! a horse's clanging bound  
Disturbed the quiet of the scene  
Where silence long alone had been;

And soon a proud and stately form,  
As born to battle with the storm,  
With eager look and rapid pace,  
Approached to the sequestered place.  
His lip was stern, his bearing high,  
A strange light in his flashing eye;  
His trusty sword he proudly wore;  
A plume his brow was waving o'er;  
His once fair cheek was changed to brown;  
His haughty features wore a frown;  
And shining sword, and waving crest,  
And star upon the noble breast,  
And lip that seemed to smile at grief,  
Bespoke the warrior and the chief.  
Nearer he drew; one mingled cry  
Of "Brother, brother!" rent the sky;  
And warrior from the battle plain  
Forgot awhile the martial strain,  
And warrior from a heathen land  
Forgot awhile the dark-browed band  
Of ransomed ones who used to meet  
With him around the mercy-seat;  
For brothers, parted long before,  
Rushed to each other's arms once more;  
And hearts beat high, and tear-drops fell,  
As when they bade to each farewell.

The brothers wept; for in that hour  
Stern memory, with her wondrous power,  
Recalled the scenes of other years —  
Their mutual hopes, their mutual fears,  
The friends whom they had loved before,  
And friends whom they might meet no more.  
They saw the change that time had wrought;  
And, O, how sad the bitter thought,

That they, the fond and faithful pair,  
Who oft had met together there,  
Were also changed ! for one pale brow  
Bespoke of care and suffering now ;  
The hollow cheek, the painful breath,  
Spoke strangely of the tomb, of death !

“ Brother ! O, brother ! years have past,  
And here we meet again at last.  
We parted in our early youth ;  
Our hearts were strong with love and truth  
And time has not those hearts estranged ;  
But, brother, thou, indeed, art changed.  
Thy cheek was bright as morning’s glow ;  
Care has been thine, and want and woe.  
O, tell thy griefs and trials o’er  
To one who loves thee as of yore ;  
And if he cannot bring relief,  
Thy brother sure can share thy grief ! ”

“ O, brother ! how that voice of thine  
Thrills through this weary breast of mine ! —  
The very voice I used to hear,  
Forever loved, forever dear ! —  
’Tis joy to meet the fond and true,  
To whom we bade a long adieu ;  
’Tis joy to hear once more the tone  
Which seemed an echo of our own ;  
Then, O, what joy to meet with thee,  
Thou dearest friend on earth to me !  
How oft I’ve sighed, at twilight hour,  
To greet thee in this lovely bower ;  
To clasp thy hand, thy joys to share,  
To know thy every grief and care ;  
And in return, to tell thee mine,  
And find a pitying heart in thine !

Yet oft I felt — I know not why,  
And then the tear would fill mine eye —  
That in my griefs, my hopes, and fears,  
The partner of my early years  
Could have no share; — would not deride,  
I knew he would not frown nor chide; —  
And yet, I knew his highest aim  
Had been to win a glorious name;  
I knew that he had won the prize;  
I knew the world's admiring eyes  
Were fixed on him — the brave and young;  
I knew that fadeless laurels hung  
Around his proud and noble brow.  
I saw the great and haughty bow  
Unto the conqueror, as he came  
With trophies won and bright with fame.  
I did not envy him; ah, no!  
And yet a bitter pang of woe  
Shot through my heart, and I have wept,  
When all around have calmly slept,  
To think that he, my brother, friend,  
Would never from his height descend,  
To bend the knee, to breathe a prayer  
For me, when sinking with despair;  
Nor with me, at the throne of grace,  
Plead for a wretched heathen race.  
But though I speak of grief and pain,  
Brother, think not my mission vain;  
For I, unworthy as I am,  
Have pointed sinners to the Lamb.  
How great the boon! how sweet the thought!  
It is enough; 't is all I sought.

“Ten years ago, this very hour,  
We stood within this lovely bower;



Then life was young, the future bright.  
Brother, how do we meet to-night?  
Then hope thy bounding bosom thrilled;  
O! hast thou seen thy hopes fulfilled?"

"Yes, all; for I have won a name —  
Laurels are mine, and deathless fame.  
I've stood upon the battle-field  
With gory sword and broken shield;  
I've heard the cannon's deafening roar;  
I've seen the crimson torrents pour;  
I've felt my own life-blood to start,  
And agony has wrung my heart;  
Yet on, still onward, I have pressed,  
With undimmed eye and dauntless breast;  
For glory beckoned from afar,  
And glory was my guiding star.  
Through toil and hardships I have past,  
But I have won the prize at last;  
A rich reward I have obtained.  
But what, dear brother, hast thou gained?  
Thy cheek is pale, thy form is bent,  
Thy youthful energies are spent;  
And spent for what? for future ease?  
For fame, for wealth? — ah, none of these!"

"Tis true, I've reached my native shore,  
A wreck of what I was before;  
I went in youth, I went in health,  
But did not go for fame or wealth.  
I've won the prize I sought to win —  
Seen sinners saved from death and sin;  
And while the warrior's wreath is thine,  
A crown of glory will be mine!  
I know that on my pallid brow  
The seal of death is resting now;

But I can look beyond the gloom  
That hangs around the dreary tomb,  
And realms of endless beauty see,  
Prepared through Jesus' blood for me.  
And when I reach the dismal tide,  
The raging waters will divide;  
Jesus will safely guide me o'er  
To Canaan's fair and peaceful shore!  
I am not worthy of such bliss,  
Not worthy of a hope like this;  
But, through the merits of the Lamb,  
Wretched and sinful as I am,  
I hope to reach the better land;  
I hope to join the blood-washed band;  
In their glad songs of praise to share,  
And find the ransomed heathen there,  
With whom, in lands beyond the sea,  
I've often bent the suppliant knee.

“What have I gained? — nor ease, nor fame;  
Sickness and sorrow, want and shame,  
Have been my lot; yet of them all,  
Not one rude pang would I recall;  
For my Redeemer and my God  
First trod the path that I have trod;  
For me the crown of thorns he wore,  
For me the painful cross he bore,  
For me he died on Calvary's hill,  
For me, for me, he's pleading still.  
My wants and sorrows have been few  
To what my dear Redeemer knew;  
He's sympathized with every care,  
In all my griefs he's had a share,  
On land and on the billowy foam;  
And now he gently calls me home.

How bright that home — how sweet my rest —  
When on my Saviour's loving breast  
This aching head shall find repose —  
This weary heart forget its woes!

“What hast thou gained of earthly bliss,  
That ever can compare with this?  
What hast thou gained? — O, brother, think! —  
If now thou stood'st upon the brink  
Of the eternal world, what power  
Could cheer in such a trying hour?  
Would laurel-wreaths dispel the gloom,  
Or gild the passage to the tomb?  
Would all the honors earth bestows  
Soothe thy torn heart or hush thy woes?  
Or will the glory thou hast won  
Obtain the blissful words, “Well done!”  
When thou the King of kings shalt meet,  
And stand before the judgment-seat?  
Ah! we alike have toiled and fought,  
And we have won the prize we sought;  
But ask, dear brother, of thy heart,  
Did I not choose the better part?”

He paused awhile, the tears fell fast;  
In trembling tones he spoke at last:  
“Brother, we parted years before;  
We soon shall part to meet no more.  
We ne'er again, at twilight hour,  
Shall stand within this lovely bower.  
Our hearts may heave, our bosoms swell,  
But we *must* say a last farewell.  
Since last we met, two cherished forms,  
That sheltered us from earth's rude storms,  
Have left our home, have sunk to rest,  
The turf upon each lifeless breast.

rest —  
ink! —  
iss,  
Ah! we shall miss our father's tone  
Within the halls so dark and lone,  
And we shall miss our mother's smile,  
And we shall miss her love the while.  
In calm repose those dear ones sleep;  
Over their tombs we both will weep;  
Beside their tombs we both will bend.  
And then, O, then, my brother, friend,  
For thee my very heart-strings break!  
The burning tears fall for thy sake —  
For, when thou next shalt wander there,  
I, too, their quiet rest shall share;  
And thou, while tears of anguish start,  
Wilt stand alone with bursting heart.

“And should'st thou ever seek this spot  
(I know 't will never be forgot,  
For memory still will hold it dear) —  
O, thou wilt miss thy brother here!  
Years may roll on — ten may be past —  
And yet this meeting is our last!  
Our last on earth, our last in time!  
O, shall we meet in that bright clime  
Where death and parting are unknown,  
And joy and rapture reign alone?

“I leave thee, brother, and I go,  
Willing to part with all below,  
Save thee alone. How *can* I part  
With one so dear unto my heart,  
And fear (God grant it may be vain!)  
That we shall never meet again?

“O, brother! brother! soon my head  
Will rest amid the silent dead;

Soon I shall yield my fleeting breath ;  
Soon will my voice be hushed in death ;  
Then let me plead, as ne'er before  
I plead with thee in days of yore,  
That thou wilt bend thy stubborn soul,  
And own a Saviour's mild control ;  
By all his boundless love for thee,  
Unto his side for safety flee ;  
The cross, though shameful, boldly bear,  
And in thy Master's sufferings share ;  
Then, when a few more years are o'er,  
We 'll meet upon the heavenly shore ;  
In sweet accord we 'll loudly raise  
Our songs of love and endless praise,  
Forgetful of our sorrows here,  
Forgetful of the falling tear ; —  
Or, if our thoughts we ever cast  
On these dark scenes within the past,  
We 'll shout and we 'll rejoice the more,  
To think those trying scenes are o'er —  
To think that we have gained the land  
Where we can clasp each other's hand,  
And fear no parting, fear no change,  
But arm in arm forever range  
The shores of love, with hearts that swell,  
But dread no more the sad farewell !

“ I leave thee, brother ; down thy face  
The burning tears each other trace ;  
Thy heart is rent with pangs of woe ;  
'T is twined round me, and yet — I go !  
And when upon my death-sealed brow  
The tear-drops fall, O, wilt not thou  
Remember that the dying prayer,  
Of him who sleeps so calmly there,

Arose in agony for thee ? —  
Then, brother, wilt thou bend the knee ? ” —

He ceased ; his trembling voice grew weak,  
And paler grew his hollow cheek ;  
Within each other's arms the pair  
In anguish wept together there ;  
Heart answered heart with wondrous power,  
Though lips were mute in that sad hour.

Through all the long and dreary night,  
Till morning broke in splendor bright,  
Beside the couch of death and pain  
A brother knelt with burning brain.  
On the pale brow the sunbeams fell,  
The parting spirit sighed, “ Farewell ! ” —  
The strife is o'er, the soul is free —  
The wretched mourner, where is he ?  
Alone ; — save his no footstep falls  
Within his father's ancient halls ;  
No friend is near with soothing tone,  
No heart to sorrow, save his own.

With trembling lip and pallid brow  
He seeks the lonely garden now.  
He's reached the bower — how sinks his soul !  
O, how the burning tear-drops roll !  
He listens — but he knows 't is vain —  
To hear his brother's voice again ; —  
He knows he sleeps in calm repose,  
Forgetful of his pains and woes ;  
He almost longs that rest to share, —  
When, hark ! upon the balmy air  
There seems to come a gentle tone, —  
'T is sweet, 't is thrilling, and well known ;

It whispers in a tender strain,  
"O, brother, shall we meet again?"

Forgotten now the sword and shield, —  
Forgotten now the battle-field!  
The haughty chief has knelt in prayer,  
And love and penitence are there.  
The world recedes, and heaven appears, —  
Seraphic music greets his ears,  
And holy smiles play round his brow,  
As thus he breathes the sacred vow:  
"All that I loved I now resign; —  
Wealth, fame and honor, once were mine,  
But now no more. Welcome the cross!  
Compared with which all things are loss.  
The laurel-wreath, that glory twined  
Around my brow, I will unbind;  
I'll lay my sword and helmet down;  
I'll battle for a heavenly crown.  
To lands beyond the raging wave —  
Where my departed brother gave  
His youth, his energies, his all,  
Obedient to his Master's call —  
There I will go, — through Jesus' grace  
I'll strive to fill my brother's place.  
Welcome, then, earthly grief and pain!  
O, brother, we shall meet again!"

Years passed away; where palm-trees wave  
Their branches o'er a lowly grave,  
A true and a devoted band  
Of India's sons and daughters stand,  
With tearful cheek and pensive brow;  
For they have lost their leader now!  
They bend the knee, they breathe a prayer,  
They raise their trembling voices there; —

Faith gilds each tear that sorrow weeps.  
Beneath that mound the warrior sleeps,  
Far from his childhood's peaceful home,  
Far o'er the billows' watery foam,  
He calmly rests; his race is run,  
The everlasting prize is won,  
And he has clasped his brother's hand,  
Within the bright, the better land!



## THE SURRENDER OF QUEBEC.

---

THE orb of day upon his pathway pressed,  
Beaming with splendor, toward the shining west ;  
Cast one long, lingering glance upon the scene ;  
Lit up the river and the forest green,  
Left his last rays upon the lordly dome,  
And deigned to smile upon the peasant's home ;  
Then, 'neath the western hills he sought repose,  
And sank to rest as calmly as he rose.  
Bright at the dawn of day, but brighter now,  
When day had almost passed, and round her brow  
Hung the expiring beams of dazzling light,  
The certain presage of approaching night.  
Slowly his gorgeous train, like him, withdrew,  
Changing as they advanced in form and hue,  
Until one lovely tint of fairest dye  
Stole softly o'er the calm and cloudless sky ;  
Day, gently smiling, left her gleaming throne,  
And evening fair came forth, and reigned alone.  
The twinkling stars the azure vault adorned ;  
Like glistening gems, a glorious crown they formed,  
And proudly sat in splendor pure and bright  
Upon the pale and pensive brow of night ;  
While in the midst of all, with tranquil mien,  
Mild Cynthia lent enchantment to the scene.

Beneath lay spreading pastures green and fair,  
And lofty hills and waving forests, where

The human voice had never yet been heard,  
Or other sound, save when the depths were stirred  
By the loud screams of some lone, midnight bird.  
But high o'er all the lofty city rose,  
Firm in its strength, sublime in its repose ;  
On every hand by nature fortified,  
And strongly built ; with air of conscious pride  
Gazed from its heights upon the scene below,  
And bade defiance to each lurking foe ;  
Confiding in its bulwarks firm and sure,  
It calmly slept and dreamed itself secure !

The river swept along ; with surging roar  
Its waves dashed wildly on the rocky shore ;  
While on its broad, expansive bosom lay  
The twinkling orbs in beautiful array ;  
And every pearly drop shone clear and bright,  
Bathed in a flood of soft and silvery light.  
Scarcely a ripple stirred its quiet breast ;  
For every sighing breeze was lulled to rest,  
And every sound was hushed on earth, in air,  
And silence held supreme dominion there.

Sleep sent his angels forth ; with silent tread,  
From house to house, they on their mission sped ;  
Watched by the couch of suffering and pain,  
Soothed the pale brow, and calmed the throbbing brain ;  
Eased the sad heart, and closed the weeping eye ;  
Bade care and grief with their attendants fly ;  
Entered the chamber of the rich and great,  
Nor scorned to visit those of mean estate ;  
But blessed alike the lofty and the low ;  
Alike bade each forget their weight of woe.  
The proud and wealthy drew around their breast  
"The curtains of repose," and sank to rest ;

The pallid sons of want and hunger slept,  
And sorrow's sons forgot that they had wept.

The night wore slowly on ; the dismal tower  
Had long since tolled the lonely midnight hour ;  
When a proud band, by daring impulse led,  
Approached the river with a cautious tread ;  
With kindling eye and with an eager air,  
Unmoored the boats that waited for them there ;  
In silence left the calm and peaceful shore,  
In sullen silence plied the hasty oar ;  
In silence passed adown the quiet stream,  
While ever and anon a pale moonbeam,  
Sad and reproachful, cast a hasty glance  
On polished dagger and on gleaming lance.

The scene was mournful, and with magic art  
It acted strangely on each manly heart ; —  
No speedy action now, no rude alarm,  
Called forth their powers, or nerved the stalwart arm.  
No present danger used its strong control,  
To rouse the passions of the warrior's soul ;  
But all conspired to place thought on her throne,  
And yield the reins of power to her alone !

The past came slowly forth with all its train  
Of blissful scenes that ne'er might be again ;  
Of mournful partings and convulsive sighs ;  
Of pallid faces, and of tearful eyes ;  
Of aching hearts that heaved with sorrow's swell,  
And broken tones that sadly breathed, " Farewell !"  
And in the silence of that lonely hour,  
Which bade the sternest own its wondrous power,  
A small, still voice whispered in every soul,  
Although each sought to burst from its control :

"To-morrow night the moon, as fair as now,  
May shed her beams upon your death-sealed brow!  
To-morrow night the stars may gild the wave,  
While you, perchance, may fill a soldier's grave!  
To-morrow night your spirit may explore  
The boundless regions of an unknown shore!  
To-morrow night may find you with the slain,  
And weeping love watch your return in vain!"

And yet not long such gloomy thoughts might rest  
Within the soldier's brave and gallant breast;  
Not long the warrior, panting for the field  
And for the battle's horrid din, might yield  
His fearless spirit unto sorrow's sway,  
Or dread the issue of the coming day.  
The momentary sadness now was o'er,  
As with new hopes they neared the frowning shore,  
Landed in silence, and, in stern array,  
Pressed firmly forward on their dangerous way,  
Mounted the rugged rocks with footsteps slow,  
And left the murmuring river far below.

From cliff to cliff the gallant army spring,  
Nor envy now the eagle's soaring wing;  
They view their labors o'er, their object gain,  
And proudly stand upon the lovely plain;  
Gaze down upon the awful scenes they've passed,  
Rejoicing that they've reached the heights at last.  
Hope lights each eye, and fills each manly breast,  
Where wild desires and aspirations rest;  
It bids each doubt and every shadow flee,  
And points them on to certain victory!

The morning dawned; the orient beams of light  
Fell on a strange and a romantic sight, —

On glistening helmet and on nodding crest,  
On waving banner and on steel-clad breast.  
The city woke, — but woke to hear the cry,  
"To arms! to arms! the foe — the foe is nigh!"  
She woke to hear the trumpet's wild alarms —  
She woke to hear the sound of clashing arms —  
She woke to view her confidence removed —  
She woke to view her trusted safety proved;  
Her mighty bulwarks, long her pride and boast,  
All safely mounted by a British host —  
She woke to view her lofty ramparts yield,  
Her plains converted to a battle-field,  
Her gallant troops in wild disorder fly,  
The British banner floating to the sky,  
And proudly waving o'er the bloody plain,  
O'er heaps of dying and o'er heaps of slain.

Roused from their hasty dreams, with brows aghast,  
On every hand the soldiers gather fast,  
Bind on their armor, seize the glittering sword,  
Form in a line, and, at a simple word,  
With hurried steps advance toward the shore,  
With hasty gestures grasp the trembling oar,  
Across the river's bosom swiftly glide,  
And safely land upon the other side.  
Drawn up in battle order now they stand,  
Waiting in silence for their chief's command;  
Then onward move, with firm and stately tread,  
With waving plumes and ensigns proudly spread,  
With gleaming sword and with uplifted lance,  
Where brightly now the glistening sunbeams dance;  
But long before those sunbeams shall decline  
Streams of dark blood shall tarnish all their shine;  
Those beams shall strive to gild the steel in vain,  
For human gore the polished steel shall stain!

The sun rose clear that morn ; with ardent glow  
He shed his beam/ alike o'er friend and foe.  
His golden hues the spreading fields adorn,  
Waving in beauty with the ripening corn ;  
Give richer colors to the lofty trees,  
That gently rustle in the morning breeze ;  
They gild the river's surface, calm and blue,  
And shine reflected in the sparkling dew.

O, ye, who stand prepared for deadly strife,  
Thirsting for blood and for a brother's life,  
Behold the glories that around you lie,  
The harmony pervading earth and sky !  
Behold the wondrous skill and power displayed  
In every leaf and every lowly blade ;  
On every hand behold the wondrous love  
Of Him who reigns in majesty above,—  
Who bids for man all nature sweetly smile,  
And sends his rain upon the just and vile ;  
His attribute is love ; and shall ye dare  
To take the life mercy and love would spare ?  
Shall ye destroy what he has formed to live,  
And take away what ye can never give ?  
Shall puny mortal claim the right his own  
Belonging to Omnipotence alone ?  
Rash man, forbear ! and stay the ready dart  
That seeks to lodge within thy brother's heart.  
But, no ; for mercy's voice, now hushed and still,  
No longer may the steel-clad bosom thrill ;  
And hearts that melted once at others' woe —  
That kindled once with friendship's fervent glow —  
That once had felt and owned the soothing power  
Of tender love — are callous in the hour  
When savage War makes bare his awful arm,  
And peals in thunder tones his dread alarm.

But there were *some* in those devoted bands  
O'er whom the blissful scenes of other lands  
Came rushing wildly ; and, with piercing gaze,  
They looked an instant on their boyhood's days ;  
Remembered well the hours that flew too fast ;  
Remembered *some* with whom those hours were past ;  
And, 'mid the group of dear companions gay,  
Remembered well some whom they saw that day ;  
But sprang not forward, with familiar grasp  
And friendly air, the proffered hand to clasp ;  
But looked away, and, with a pang of pain,  
Regretted that they e'er had met again !  
For now they met, not as they met before —  
Not as they used to meet in days of yore ;  
Not arm in arm, like brothers fondly tried,  
Whom they could trust, and in whose love confide ;  
Met not as once, with high and mutual aim,  
In classic halls to seek for future fame ;  
But met as bitter foes, in deadly strife,  
Each wildly panting for the other's life ;  
With armies proud and swelling like the flood,  
To wreath their laurels in each other's blood !

They once were friends ; but France and England rose  
In sounding arms, and they are hostile foes !  
They once were friends ; but friendship may not shield  
The warrior's breast upon the battle-field !  
They once were friends ; but, hark ! the cannon's roar  
Loudly proclaims that they are friends no more !  
From rank to rank the stunning volley flies,  
From rank to rank the groans of anguish rise ;  
Rank after rank is numbered with the slain ;  
Rank follows rank, and bleeds upon the plain.

Bravely they fought ; with unabated zeal  
In human gore they dipped the shining steel ;

Pressed o'er the heaps of dying and of dead,  
Where warriors groaned, and gallant heroes bled;  
While from their lips, in quick and stifled breath,  
Arose the cry of "Victory, or death!"

Louder and louder still the awful roar  
Pealed from the heights, and shook the frightened shore.  
Thick clouds of smoke enveloped friend and foe;  
The volleyed thunder shook the depths below;  
Mountain and echoing forest joined the cry,  
And distant hills gave back the same reply.  
With animating voice and waving hand  
The British leader cheered his gallant band,  
Pressed firmly forward where one endless tide  
Of woe and carnage reigned on every side, —  
Where streams of blood in crimson torrents rolled, —  
Where death smote down alike the young and old;  
And where the thickest poured the deadly shot,  
The gallant WOLFE with daring valor fought.

The dead and dying in his pathway lie,  
Before him ranks divide and squadrons fly;  
With stalwart arm, and with unerring aim,  
He adds new glories to his former fame;  
Reaps the reward of all his toil; for now  
Fresh laurels twine around his youthful brow.  
But what avail they? for the fatal dart  
Of death has lodged within that hoping heart!  
The lofty head, that wore the waving crest,  
Now sadly droops upon the bleeding breast;  
That mighty arm, upraised in power and pride,  
Falls feebly down, and casts its sword aside;  
The laurel wreath entwines that brow in vain,  
For, lo! the hero lies among the slain!



The French fought long, with courage and with skill;  
With iron arms and with an iron will  
Rushed bravely forward 'mid the battle's din,  
Resolved to die, or else the victory win;  
Like soldiers true, fought firmly and fought well,  
And at their post like faithful soldiers fell.

Deeper and deeper now the conflict grows;  
Despair nerves these, and victory flushes those.  
'T is the last struggle; hark! "They fly! they fly!"  
Pierces the depths, and rends the vaulted sky.  
'T is the last struggle, for the beating drum  
Proclaims the conflict o'er, the victory won.  
The French in wild dismay and horror yield,  
And leave the British masters of the field.

Far in the rear a dying warrior lay,  
While from his breast the life-blood ebbed away;  
Attendants bent around to stanch the tide  
That flowed in torrents from his wounded side;  
With wild convulsions came each panting breath,  
And those proud features wore the hue of death.  
His lips were sealed, his beaming eyes were dim,  
And strangely quivered every outstretched limb;  
Unconscious now he seemed of love or hate,  
Unconscious now his spirit seemed to wait  
The awful summons that should bid it fly  
To worlds unknown, unseen by human eye.  
He seemed like one already with the dead;  
When, lo! he started — raised his drooping head;  
With dying hand he grasped his trusty blade,  
With kindling eye the battle-field surveyed;  
Heard the triumphant shout, "They run! they run!"  
Knew that the field was gained, the victory won.  
"Who run?" he cried, with wildly throbbing heart,  
With gushing breast, and livid lips apart.

"The French! the French!" — no more that warrior heard;

It was enough for him, that single word;  
"I die contented!" and his youthful head  
Fell feebly back; the noble soul had fled.

O, gallant Wolfe! from o'er the dark blue sea  
There comes a wail — a bitter wail for thee.  
Thy country mourns her warrior, true and brave,  
And yearning love weeps o'er thy lowly grave.  
But nothing now may break thy tranquil rest,  
Nothing disturb thy calm and quiet breast;  
Nor clashing arms, nor cannon's deafening roar,  
Nor sorrow's wail, may ever rouse thee more.  
But, when a voice, far louder than them all,  
Shall bid thee rise, thou must obey the call,  
And stand, bereft of earthly pride and power,  
Before thy Judge. God shield thee in that hour!

Remoter from the scene, with drooping head  
And nerveless arm, another warrior bled!  
Death's seal upon that pallid brow was pressed;  
His icy hand lay on that heaving breast;  
But thoughts of victory lent no soothing balm  
To cheer the spirit of the proud Montcalm!  
He lived to see his bravest followers die;  
He lived to see his troops disbanded fly;  
Nor longer cared to live, but welcomed death,  
And with a smile resigned his fleeting breath;  
Stretched his proud limbs, without a sigh or groan,  
And Death had claimed the hero for his own.

The strife was o'er, the dreadful combat past;  
The echoing hills had found repose at last;  
Carnage had done its work on every side,  
And even greedy Death was satisfied!

The sun went down ; how changed from yester night !  
How changed his aspect, and how changed the sight  
On which he gazed ! Then his last golden beam  
Fell on a landscape fair — a quiet scene —  
Where now destruction reared its standard dread  
O'er shattered bodies and o'er severed head.

Heap upon heap the pallid victims lay,  
Of racking pain and scorching thirst the prey ;  
In anguish rolled upon the bloody ground,  
And wider still they tore each gaping wound ;  
In concert joined their agonizing cries,  
Gnashed with their teeth and rolled their blood-shot  
eyes ;

With feeble groans they drew each painful breath,  
And racked with torments called aloud for death !  
Far o'er the field in wild confusion rose  
Piles of the ghastly dead — of friends and foes —  
In death stretched side by side, mangled and cold ;  
While over all the sulphurous war-clouds rolled,  
In dark, dense columns mounted up on high,  
Tainting the air, polluting all the sky.

Quebec was won ; and o'er each lofty tower  
The British banner streamed in pride and power ;  
Where the French eagle once her wings had spread  
The British lion reared his haughty head,  
And shook the conquered country with his roar ;  
The eagle flew in terror from the shore,  
With drooping plumage skimmed the western main,  
And, trembling, sought her native France again ;  
While England, proud and potent, took the sway  
And waved her sceptre over Canada.

## THE OLD INDIAN.

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"Who art thou, with those locks so gray  
That round thy furrowed temples play?  
Who art thou, with that faded cheek,  
That clouded eye?— speak, stranger, speak."

"Alas! proud youth, these locks of mine  
One day were darker far than thine;  
This furrowed brow was once as fair  
As the bright hopes that rested there;  
This faded cheek was once as bright  
As the first beams of morning light;  
These almost sightless orbs could vie  
In lustre with the eagle's eye."

"Stranger, thy voice sounds hoarse and low;  
Thy trembling limbs too plainly show  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Thy earthly days are almost done!"

"Alas! alas! yet once this tone,  
As clear and manly as thine own,  
Could cause the stoutest form to start,  
And strike its terrors to the heart,  
When loud upon the midnight still  
The war-whoop rose from glen and hill.  
This feeble form has often been  
The foremost in the battle's din;

This trembling hand could bravely wield  
The bow upon the battle-field ;  
But all those youthful days have past,  
And I, like them, am fleeing fast."

"Stranger, pray tell me what your name,  
And what the race from whence you came ;  
And why you wander here alone,  
So aged and so feeble grown."

"Proud youth, my name would cause thy heart  
In throbings wild and high to start ;  
For oft thy fathers thou hast heard  
Breathe forth that deeply hated word ;  
Full often thou hast heard them speak,  
With kindling eye and glowing cheek,  
Of one who swore in childhood's days —  
At midnight, 'neath the moon's pale rays,  
On bended knee, with upraised hand,  
While round him stood a swarthy band —  
That, till the lamp of life grew dim,  
And age should make a wreck of him,  
Or death itself should lay him low,  
He'd show no mercy to his foe ;  
But joyfully listen to his moans,  
Find music in the white man's groans ;  
No trophies, save the white man's head,  
No joy, save when the white man bled ;  
And no revenge, for wrongs he bore,  
Save hands dipped in the white man's gore !

"And faithfully he kept the vow  
Breathed forth upon the mountain's brow,  
Till far around he won the name,  
The chief of blood, — the chief of flame ! —

What is my race? Ask of the wood  
 Where once my little wigwam stood,  
 But now, where lofty cities rise  
 And point their turrets to the skies.  
 What is my race? Ask of the sod  
 Which drank a father's flowing blood;  
 Ask of the graves that wrap the clay  
 Of those who long since passed away;  
 Ask of their dust where is my race,  
 And where is now their dwelling-place!

"My race was once, in power and might —  
 The strongest in the chase or fight;  
 The proudest clan that ever drew  
 The fatal bow, or arrow drew;  
 But now, forgetful of their pride,  
 They've cast those fatal bows aside,  
 And serpents in their folds embrace  
 The ashes of that fallen race!  
 My tribe, all other tribes before,  
 First hailed the white man to this shore;  
 They gave to him the friendly hand;  
 They gave him homes on their own land;  
 They gave him liberty to take  
 Game from their woods, fish from their lake;  
 Within their *hearts* gave him a place,  
 And loved him as their own dark race!

"But soon the haughty white man rose,  
 And called the Indian his foes;  
 He burned their wigwams to the ground,  
 Scattered the ashes far around;  
 He slew their mothers, and their wives,  
 Their children, dearer than their lives;  
 And where their happy homes once stood  
 Were scenes of murder and of blood, —

While everywhere arose the cry,  
Wafted from Indian lips on high,  
'Revenge, revenge!' and all that heard  
Would echo back that frightful word.

"But now each thrilling voice is still —  
The war-whoop hushed upon the hill;  
For those who burned for vengeance then  
Now moulder in the silent glen;  
And proudly now the white man treads  
Upon the soil above their heads.  
That noble race have passed away,  
And one by one mixed with the clay,  
Till I the last of all am left,  
Of brother, friend and home bereft;  
And soon my pilgrimage will close,  
And the poor Indian find repose.

"Thou askest why I wander here,  
No friend and no companion near; —  
But ask the dove why yet she clings,  
With weary head and drooping wings,  
Unto her fallen partner's side,  
And loves him still, although he died;  
Or, ask her why, when far removed  
From the dear home she fondly loved,  
Where she has reared her tender young,  
Round which her yearning heart has clung —  
Why when released she quickly flies  
With steadfast wing and eager eyes,  
Until she gain that lovely spot,  
Her native-home, her own dove-cot; —  
Then may ye know why I have come  
From regions toward the setting sun! —  
It is to tread once more the sod  
Which I in youth have lightly trod:

It is to seek once more to find  
The scenes imprinted on my mind,  
Which, though they 've changed in form and name,  
I'll fancy to myself the same;  
It is to drop the sacred tear,  
To love and to affection dear —  
The tear which memory ever craves —  
Upon my fathers' lowly graves;  
It is a mournful dirge to keep,  
Where father, mother, brother, sleep —  
Where sisters lie, dear as my life,  
And she, my fair and faithful wife,  
Dearer than all the world beside,  
Who by the white man's weapons died —  
And children, twined around my heart  
With ties that death could never part;  
It is to gaze upon this place,  
The only dwelling of my race,  
And then to lay my weary head  
Upon the ashes of the dead —  
Resign my soul, without a sigh,  
To that great God who rules on high,  
And make complete the fallen race  
That slumbers in this narrow place! —  
And, as he spoke, his cheek grew pale,  
His trembling voice began to fail,  
His eye grew dim, his lips compressed,  
His hoary head drooped o'er his breast;  
And there he slept in death's embrace —  
The last one of his noble race!



## THE HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

---

Yes, thou art lovely still ! and yet so calm,  
So pale, so cold, I shudder as I gaze.  
Yes, thou art lovely still ; but, O, how changed !  
Thy lips are silent ; and the beaming eye,  
In which I once could read thy gentle thoughts,  
Is frozen o'er with death. And is this all  
That's left of one I loved, and loved so well ?  
Is this the hand, so cold and deathlike grown,  
I've often clasped, once warm with life and love ?  
Is that the brow I oft have crowned with flowers ?  
Are those the lips that ever spoke to bless ?

O, Death ! could'st thou not choose one less beloved,  
And one less loving — one less fair and good —  
That thus thou takest all I loved on earth ?  
*Others* have friends ; but I — *I* had but one ;  
But one to weep when o'er my troubled soul  
The billows of despair rolled huge and dark ;  
But one to whisper words of peace and hope ;  
But one to soothe the raging storm to rest.  
That one is now no more — gone, gone, for aye —  
And I am left alone. Alone — *alone* !  
O, how that word falls on my bursting heart !  
The wide, wide world is all before me now,  
But not a friend — not one to weep for me.  
Then, welcome death ! — with heart all bared  
I hail the fatal dart ! But, ah, death never comes

When most desired! The only one I loved —  
 For whom I trembled, lest in some dark hour  
 She might forsake me — lent a while from Heaven,  
 An angel in disguise, to guide me on,  
 When threatened with destruction, and to lead  
 Me, wretched and bowed down with dark despair,  
 Unto a world of light and endless bliss —  
 My guardian spirit! — half her task was done,  
 When, lo! the mandate came — Heaven called her back,  
 The pure in heart; and now before the throne  
 She strikes the harp of melody and love!  
 The glorious sunlight of that blissful world  
 Falls on her jewelled brow and radiant form!  
 Her eyes are bright with joy; no tears to dim  
 Their wondrous lustre. From her rosy lips,  
 Once pale with grief, a song of rapture swells.  
 The gentle heart, that heaved with sorrow here —  
 And what a thought! for my own sorrows heaved —  
 Is bounding high with joy that angels know!  
 And while I bend above the icy form,  
 And press the lips that give no sweet response,  
 And pour the burning rain on the pale face,  
 She bows the knee, and at her Saviour's feet,  
 Bathed in the sunshine of eternal love,  
 She sings with angels! Hark! methinks I hear  
 That flute-like voice rise high above the rest,  
 As loud she cries: "Holy Lord God of hosts!  
 Who hast redeemed me with the precious blood  
 Of thine own Son, from yonder world of woe!"

O, blissful state! O, happy, happy one!  
 Years may roll on — but thou art safe for aye —  
 Safe in the bosom of thy God — at home! —  
 The home for which thou oft did'st sigh when here.  
 The storm may rage around this world of ours,  
 The storm may rage within this breast of mine,

But never harm thee more. O, as I gaze  
Upon thee now, and know that thou art blest,  
I half forget my own despair and woe,  
And half rejoice to think that thou art gone! —  
Rejoice a moment; but the next I weep.  
Where shall I turn, or whither shall I flee?  
Despair has chained me fast. Yes, thou art blest,  
But I am wretched. Can I give thee up?  
What! see thee laid within the silent tomb,  
To moulder there? and hear the cold, damp earth  
Thrown on thy coffin-lid? and know that thou  
Art mingling with the dust, my love, my all? —  
The thought is agony — it cannot be!  
The future! O, the future! dark and drear,  
As when the thunder-clouds loom o'er the sky,  
And shed their burden on the midnight air  
Of hail and tempest. Thus 't will ever be;  
And such the past had been, but for one star,  
That o'er the dark horizon brightly rose,  
And with her radiant light dispersed the clouds,  
And rolled away the darkness and the gloom.  
That star has set — forever set on earth;  
But shines immortal in the diadem  
That crowns our Saviour's brow! And now I gaze  
In all the darkness round for one bright beam;  
But gaze in vain. As in a dungeon bound,  
Light, hope, and love, shut out forevermore,  
So stand I here; and so my path must be  
Where sun, nor moon, nor star, can ever shine!

And yet her cold, her clay-cold form is here.  
Sad comforter indeed! But comes the hour  
When this last solace will be borne away,  
And borne away forever to the tomb!  
When yonder sun shall seek his western home  
Behind the hills where we have often strayed,

That pallid face, still beautiful in death,  
 Will be forever hidden from my gaze;  
 And I shall stand within this quiet room  
 Alone! Or if I seek the murmuring stream,  
 Where we have often *met*, hand clasped in hand,  
 There I shall stand alone! Or in the bowers,  
 Green with the clustering vines which thou hast trained,  
 Or in the grove, or in the quiet vale,  
 Where we have been — there I shall stand alone!  
 Or in the open fields, when night comes on,  
 With all her host, and bright the ether glows  
 With brilliant lamps lit from the throne of God,  
 And the night-bird wakes his mournful lay —  
 The lay that once was music to thine ear —  
 There I shall stand alone! O, bitter thought!  
 Years may roll on, and yet we meet no more.  
 Years may roll on, but memory will prove true —  
 Too true; for she will rack my burning brain,  
 And she will pierce my bleeding heart with darts,  
 That time can never draw; for she will speak  
 At morn, at noon, at eve, of days gone by!  
 And in the dreary watches of the night,  
 When others sleep, in thunder tones she'll speak  
 The name I loved — and all the past will come  
 Rushing on mighty wings, until my heart,  
 Tossed like a bark upon the roaring deep,  
 Will heave and plunge adown the dark abyss,  
 And, buried in the waters of despair,  
 Will lie a hopeless wreck. I see thee here,  
 Cold, pale, and silent; and the deadly brow,  
 The winding sheet, all tell me of the grave —  
 The dark, dark grave, where thou so soon must be!  
 And then emotions wild and fearful sweep  
 Across my bosom — and, beneath the blast,  
 I, like a broken reed, bend, and I fall.  
 And when I see thee as thou wast, my friend,

My only friend — the partner of my woes —  
And think this clay is all that's left of thee,  
Then reason struggles with the fearful storm,  
And struggles all in vain; I madly rage.  
But when I see thee, loved one, as thou art,  
An angel bright in yonder realms of bliss,  
Then I grow calm, and o'er my troubled soul  
There comes a soothing voice — it sounds like thine.  
It whispers of a meeting! — Strange the power  
Those few short words possess, "We meet again!"  
And shall we meet? Father in heaven, forgive  
Thine erring child, who, in the hour of woe,  
Has murmured at thy dealings! — they are just;  
And in thy wisdom, mercy, and thy love,  
Thou hast afflicted me, and borne away  
The idol I had reared, and in thy stead  
Placed in my heart! Forgive me, O, forgive,  
That I in sorrow's hour should thus forget  
The only source of comfort and of peace!  
And henceforth, Father, may my guilty soul,  
Washed in the atoning blood of thy dear Son,  
Place all its trust in thee, and thee alone!  
And when the summons come, and I too sleep,  
Grant me a home and an eternal rest  
In the bright world of everlasting bliss,  
Where my beloved folds her shining wings!  
And when the morn, the long-expected morn,  
Shall dawn in glory, and the saints shall rise  
From their dark icy beds, then may I too,  
With this cold form I now resign to earth,  
Come forth immortal, and with her ascend  
To hail thee as my Saviour, and my King!

## THE CONTRAST.

---

The cold winds of Autumn blew chilly and drear,  
And the sky was enveloped in gloom;  
And oft from its darkness there sprang forth a tear  
For Summer just sunk to the tomb.

The earth had thrown off her mantle of green,  
And was clad in a vesture of brown;  
The wreath of bright flowerets no longer was seen  
Her brows pale and cheerless to crown.

For, lo! on her bosom, once glowing and fair,  
The rose and the woodbine lay dead;  
And the green leaves of Summer were gath'ring there,  
To make it their own dying bed.

The birds of the forest had left their retreat,  
When the winds left the forest all bare;  
And their farewell song, so plaintive and sweet,  
Had long died away on the air.

The storm grew still darker, and darker the sky,  
And loudly the howling winds roared;  
The fountains of waters were opened on high,  
And downward, in torrents, they poured.

Yet, sheltered in safety from every rude blast,  
Around the broad family hearth,

A bright, happy group were gathering fast,  
With smiles and gay sallies of mirth.

The tempest might howl and the elements roar —  
To that group they could bring no alarm;  
For a charm spread its magical wand them o'er,  
And wealth, boundless wealth, was that charm!

But, hark! as the winds in their fury arise,  
A voice is heard to implore,  
With bitter — ay, bitter and heart-rending cries,  
That the rich man may open his door.

“O, chill blows the blast o'er my shivering form,  
And floods or my weary head pour!  
O, give me a shelter, a shield from the storm;  
Take pity, and open your door!”

“What seek you?” the lordly man sternly replied,  
While a frown hung his haughty brow o'er;  
But still the same voice of deep agony cried,  
“Take pity, and open your door!”

“O, give me, O, give me a shelter to-night,  
For my heart is full weary and sore;  
And the storm rages fiercely around me to-night —  
Show mercy, and open the door!”

The rich man gazed coldly upon her pale brow,  
And features so mournful and fair;  
Then muttering, “My roof shelters not such as thou,”  
He left the petitioner there.

Still wilder and wilder the tempest now grew,  
The aspect more threatening high;  
But over them all — though the winds loudly blew —  
There arose one heart-piercing cry.

The rich man returned, with self-satisfied air,  
To his seat by the fire once more ;  
And the poor, homeless wanderer, breathing a prayer,  
Turned away from the rich man's door.

Years passed ; and the sixth anniversary came  
Of that day of anguish so sore,  
When the wanderer, fainting and drenched with the  
rain,  
Was spurned from the rich man's door.

The day was as stormy and cloudy as then —  
For the wind and the rain no repose ;  
But from a sweet cottage adown in the glen  
A song of thanksgiving arose.

By the fire, that blazed so brightly and high,  
Sat a man in his youthful pride,  
With a noble brow and a dark beaming eye,  
And a dearly loved one by his side.

And truly his fond manly bosom was blessed,  
As he gazed on that cherished one's charms,  
And then with a father's devotion caressed  
The sweet infant that played in her arms.

The tempests might howl and the elements roar —  
To that group they could bring no alarm ;  
For a charm spread its magical wand them o'er,  
And love, boundless love, was that charm !

But, hark ! while the rain in floods is descending,  
And loudly the howling winds roar,  
A voice is heard with the elements blending :  
"Take pity, and open your door !

"O, fast falls the rain on my shivering form,  
And cold blows the blast o'er the moor !



O, give me a shelter, a shield from the storm;  
Show mercy, and open your door!"

With pitying heart and passionate eye,  
More tender and bright than before,  
The young man arose, as he listed the cry,  
And hastily opened the door.

"Thrice welcome, thou stranger, to our lowly home!  
"T will shield thee at least from the storm;"  
And he led in a wanderer wretched and lone,  
With trembling and ill-clad form.

With a prayer on her lips of grateful devotion,  
A prayer such as angels admire,  
The wife welcomed him with heartfelt emotion,  
And gave him her seat by the fire.

The stranger grew paler as he beheld her,  
And tears rolled his furrowed cheeks o'er;  
"That face! that face! ah! too well I remember,  
She was spurned from the rich man's door!"

## THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

---

"THE morning breaks. Its first faint beam  
Now rests upon the murmuring stream,  
And gilds the summit of the hill.  
Yes, O, how calm, how fair and still,  
The well-known scene that round me lies! —  
Ye burning tears, why do ye rise?  
And thoughts, thoughts that I would control,  
Why rush ye o'er my troubled soul?

"O, when a gay and thoughtless boy,  
The future hope, the present joy,  
The river's banks I roamed along,  
Upon my lips the happy song;  
What countless charms I then could see  
In every flower, in every tree!  
Nature her voices all her own;  
To me how musical each tone!  
With her I held communion sweet;  
My youthful heart with rapture beat;  
Pointed by her, my spirit soared  
To God, and worshipped and adored.

"O, child of innocence and bliss!  
And art thou brought at last to this?  
That every tree and every flower  
Seems to possess some secret power  
To read the bitter thoughts that rest  
Within thy dark and guilty breast?

And every soft and gentle breeze  
That sighs among the fragrant trees  
Whispers, 'Beware! beware! thy path  
Leads to eternal woe and wrath!'  
O, child of bliss! and can it be  
That I, the base and vile, am he?

"The past, the past, could tears recall,  
O, how the burning rain would fall!  
Could drops of blood wash out the stain,  
And make me innocent again,  
How freely would the life-stream pour! —  
But, no, — 't is useless, — all is o'er!  
Farewell, then, hope! welcome despair!  
What should I fear to do or dare? —  
Wake, Minstrel, wake the slumbering lyre,  
If thou canst quench the raging fire  
That burns my heart." The Minstrel came,  
With hoary locks and stooping frame.

"Beneath the cool and grateful shade,  
Where soft the breezes blow,  
With beaming eye and noble mien,  
A stranger form was often seen,  
A long time ago!

"To him the earth was dark and drear;  
And doomed to want and woe,  
Without a shelter or a home,  
That lonely stranger used to roam,  
A long time ago!

"Reviled and hated by the world,  
On every hand a foe,  
He passed along with smiling face,  
Dispensing mercy, love and grace,  
A long time ago!

"The poor and needy, filled with grief  
No human heart might know,  
With tearful eye pressed to his side,  
And found there every want supplied,  
A long time ago !

"And hearts that mourned o'er deeds of guilt,  
While burning tears would flow,  
And looked with anguish on the past,  
In him found sweet repose at last,  
A long time ago !

"And some — their parents' hope and pride,  
But now their parents' woe —  
Gazed on the stranger's loving face,  
Rushed to the stranger's fond embrace,  
A long time ago !

"He died — the gentle stranger died  
A death of shame and woe ;  
But in that hour of pain and grief  
Forgave the wretched, dying thief,  
A long time ago !

"Nailed to the cross, — the cruel cross, —  
While shouts arose below :  
'Forgive them, O, forgive !' he cried,  
Then bowed his aching head and died,  
A long time ago !

"Death held the stranger's ghastly form,  
But held a mortal foe ;  
For soon he left the scene of gloom,  
And rose triumphant o'er the tomb,  
A long time ago !

"He left the mountain's dazzling brow,  
Then tinged with heavenly glow;  
While angels worshipped at his feet,  
At God's right hand he took his seat,  
A long time ago!

"He's pleading now for sinful men —  
He knows their want and woe —  
As when he sadly wandered here,  
Wiping away each falling tear,  
A long time ago!

"He loves the guilty sinner yet,  
As when he roamed below;  
He pities him as freely still  
As when he died on Calvary's hill,  
A long time ago!

"O, wretched youth! thy soul is dark;  
Thou hast been long his foe;  
But raise thine eyes, thy Saviour see;  
Remember that he died for thee,  
A long time ago!

"'Thy sins are many!' — hark! he cries,  
As once he cried below, —  
'But wash away thy guilty stains,  
In blood for thee drawn from my veins,  
A long time ago!'"

The Minstrel ceased. The youth had given  
One look of agony to heaven,  
And while the burning tears would flow,  
Blessed him who died so long ago.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

---

'Tis the peaceful twilight hour;  
Let us haste to yonder bower,  
By the gently flowing stream,  
Lit up by the sun's last beam;  
Where the soft and balmy breeze  
Sighs among the waving trees,  
And the flowers of ev'ry hue,  
Crimson, yellow, white and blue,  
Cluster round the fair retreat,  
Where we often used to meet,  
Arm in arm, at close of day,  
While the robin's cheerful lay,  
Borne upon the evening air,  
Echoed sweetly round us there,  
And our hearts beat warm and high,  
And the love-light in each eye  
Found repose within each breast.  
Happy days! how bright and blest!  
Brighter now since past and gone  
With our youth's delightful dawn;  
Dearer now since they have fled  
With the loved, the early dead,  
In whose sorrow and whose care,  
In whose joys we used to share.  
Dear ones! they have sunk to rest;  
They are happy, they are blest,

In the world of light above,  
In the world of peace and love ;  
And though sad and lonely here,  
Shall we shed for them a tear ?  
No ; for they, with beaming brow,  
Round the throne of glory bow,  
Like the angels pure and free,  
Bright as they ! — O, when shall we  
Share this home and share this bliss,  
Far from such a world as this ?

Now the lonely orb of night  
Sheds her soft and mellow light  
Over hill and over dell —  
Scenes that we have loved so well ;  
And the quiet evening star  
Gazes on us from afar,  
Just the same as years ago ;  
And the sleeping stream below,  
Silvered o'er with shining rays,  
Just as in our childhood's days ;  
And the island lulled to sleep  
Where the playful waters sweep ;  
And the distant mountain blue  
Piled with clouds of ev'ry hue ;  
And the forest, dark and green,  
Adding grandeur to the scene ;  
All remind us of the past —  
Of the hours that flew too fast,  
Of the hopes and of the fears  
That were ours in former years.

True, those scenes have fled for aye ;  
Much we loved has passed away ;  
Many hopes we cherished then  
Moulder in the silent glen ;

Many hearts that fondly beat  
 With our own in concert sweet,  
 Pulseless slumber in the tomb,  
 Heedless of the dreary gloom ;  
 Other hearts, grown cold and changed,  
 For long years have been estranged ;  
 And we sigh, but sigh in vain,  
 To recall the love again  
 Which was ours in days of yore —  
 Love which time can ne'er restore !

And yet, as we wander here,  
 'Mid the scenes to memory dear,  
 And the shining tear-drops fall,  
 Say, would we the past recall ?  
 Sorrow may have marked our brow,  
 But are we less happy now ?  
 Earthly hopes have fled away —  
 We have brighter hopes to-day ;  
 We have learned what all must learn,  
 Learned to weep above the urn  
 Where our fondest joys lie low ;  
 We have learned that all below,  
 Wealth, and honor, and a name  
 Bright with glory and with fame,  
 Are but shadows soon to flee ;  
 Yet, what matters it that we  
 In our early youth have found  
 Vanity in all around ?  
 Better thus to learn so soon,  
 Ere our sun has reached its noon,  
 Than to strive and struggle on  
 For a phantom till 't is gone ;  
 Better thus to raise our eyes  
 In our youth to yonder skies,



Turning thus from earth away  
To a world of endless day ;  
Fixing our best hopes above,  
Longing for the realms of love ;  
Knowing, even here below,  
That beyond this vale of woe  
There remains for us a rest  
In the mansions of the blest,  
Where the friends that parted here  
With a sigh and with a tear,  
With a smile that angels wear  
Shall embrace each other there,  
Never more to fear a change,  
Or know aught that will estrange !  
May that blissful rest be ours ;  
Then through amaranthine bowers  
Pure and happy we will roam  
In our everlasting home !

## PASSING AWAY.

---

THE flower that blooms so bright and fair,  
And scents the sweet and balmy air,  
Is hastening to decay;  
We mark awhile its gorgeous hues,  
All sparkling in the morning dews,  
And it has passed away!

Youth has its wild, enchanting dreams  
Of future days and future schemes,  
All decked in fine array;  
But, ah! they wither in an hour,  
And like the fair, but fragile flower,  
They, too, have passed away!

Friendship and love, with air divine,  
Their sacred tendrils closely twine  
Around the heart to-day;  
But let the frowns of fortune come,  
And ere to-morrow's setting sun  
They, too, have passed away!

The truest and the dearest friend,  
Whose love could never, never end,  
Bows to death's ruthless sway;  
We give one long, one last embrace,  
With tears bedew the pallid face,  
And he has passed away!

Then is there nothing firm and sure?  
O, is there nothing to endure  
When earthly things decay?  
Yes — Faith, with bright and beaming eye,  
Beholds celestial glories nigh,  
That ne'er can pass away!

Released from all her griefs and fears,  
She looks beyond this "vale of tears,"  
To an eternal day;  
And, with a smile of joy and love,  
She points to happiness above,  
Which ne'er will pass away!

On Pisgah's top she takes her stand,  
And there surveys the promised land,  
Where heavenly zephyrs play;  
And in a firm and cheerful tone,  
She calls those blissful realms her own,  
Which ne'er can pass away!

She sees the monster Death restore  
The cherished forms she loved before,  
Now clad in bright array;  
And, freed from ev'ry earthly stain,  
She greets those ransomed ones again,  
Who ne'er will pass away!

But, brightest far in that bright place,  
She views her Saviour's dazzling face,  
Where smiles divinely play;  
O'ercome by love and by his charms,  
She rushes to his outstretched arms,  
Ne'er to be torn away!

She hears ten thousand voices sing  
Eternal praises to their King,  
In an immortal lay;  
She joins the bright and holy throng,  
And swells with them the heavenly song  
Which ne'er will die away!

Then how can earth's deceitful smile  
The steadfast Christian's soul beguile,  
Or lead his steps astray?  
His eyes are raised from earth afar,  
And fixed upon the "morning star"  
Which ne'er will fade away.

And though the night be dark and drear,  
And all he loves or prizes here  
Are hastening to decay;  
By faith he views that steady light,  
Till faith and hope are lost in sight,  
And death has passed away!

## THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

---

FAREWELL to the scenes of my childhood!  
A long and a lasting farewell!  
Farewell to the "wide-spreading wildwood!"  
Farewell to the mountain and dell!  
Farewell to the home I have cherished  
With love and devotion so true!  
All my hopes, my fond hopes, have perished;  
Then farewell, my country, to you!

Farewell, O, farewell, my dear mother!  
Thy tears have affected my heart,  
And the sobs, that I gladly would smother,  
In painful succession will start.  
I leave thee, my mother, forever, —  
In far distant regions to dwell,  
To return to thy side again — never;  
O, mother, dear mother, farewell!

Dear father, with yearning devotion  
My aching heart clings unto you,  
And heaves with a bitter emotion,  
As I bid you a lasting adieu!  
I leave you — I leave our dear dwelling,  
The home I have long loved so well,  
And tear-drops to torrents are swelling;  
O, father, dear father, farewell!

Farewell, O, farewell, my dear brother !  
 The scenes of our childhood are past ;  
 We shall never again meet each other, —  
 This fervent embrace is our last.  
 The favorite haunts we selected.  
 The forest, the hill and the dell,  
 You 'll roam there alone and dejected ;  
 O, brother, dear brother, farewell !

Sweet sister, my heart is near breaking,  
 To bid all I love an adieu ;  
 And while all the others forsaking,  
 O, must I, sweet sister, leave you ?  
 Yes ; leave you with love that is yearning,  
 Too deep and too holy to tell ;  
 The future will bring no returning ;  
 O, sister, dear sister, farewell !

Hark ! hark ! the soft zephyrs are sighing ;  
 They call me, they call me away ;  
 The flag of our gallant bark flying  
 Would bid me no longer delay ;  
 One blessing — my father, my mother —  
 For him you have guarded so well ;  
 Your hand, O, my sister, my brother !  
 And then — forever farewell !

## THE ORPHAN.

---

THE storm was loud ; a murky cloud  
O'erhung the midnight sky,  
And rude the blast that wildly passed  
A lonely orphan by ;  
But ruder still the bitter thrill  
Of woe that rent his heart ;  
Darker his fears, sadder the tears  
That evermore would start.

“ Bleak is the storm, and on my form  
The winds in fury beat ;  
A racing pain torments my brain,  
And sore these weary feet ;  
No ray of light illumines the night,  
And here, alas ! I roam,  
Where tempests howl and wild beasts growl ;  
O, that I had a home ! .

“ Full many a day has rolled away  
Since I have laid me down,  
To cease to weep, and fall asleep,  
Save on the cold, damp ground ;  
And many more may pass me o'er  
Ere I may cease to roam ;  
One year ago it was not so, —  
For then I had a home !

"Then on his child a father smiled.  
And fondly me caressed :  
When sorrow came, or bitter pain,  
I leaned upon his breast ;  
He'd kiss my cheek, and kindly speak  
In soft and soothing tone ;  
O, what a strange and dreary change —  
For then I had a home !

"When evening gray shut out the day,  
Beside my mother's knee,  
With simple air I breathed the purer  
That mother taught to me ;  
Then laid me down, not on the ground,  
Not on this cold, damp stone ;  
But on my bed, love made instead —  
For then I had a home !

"The livelong day I spent in play  
Around our peaceful cot,  
Or plucked the flowers from blooming bowers,  
And to my mother brought.  
Then bliss and joy without alloy,  
And love around me shone ;  
Then hope could rest within my breast —  
For then I had a home !

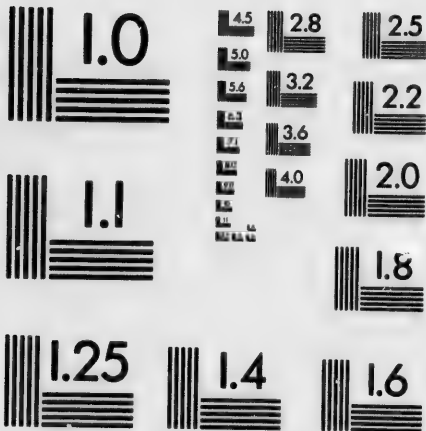
"My father died, and by his side  
My darling mother sleeps ;  
And now their child in anguish wild  
Wanders around and weeps !  
The pleasant cot my father bought  
A stranger calls his own ;  
With tearful face I left the place,  
For it was not my home !





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

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“No home have I, no shelter nigh,  
And none my grief to share;  
But I’ve a Friend, to him I’ll bend,  
And he will grant my prayer.  
He’ll lend an ear, for he can hear,  
Though high his mighty throne:  
My steps he’ll guide, and he’ll provide  
The orphan with a home!

“Dark grows the sky, my lips are dry,  
And cold my aching brow;  
Is this a dream?—for, lo! I seem  
To see my mother now!  
Faint grows my breath, the arms of death  
Are surely round me thrown;  
O, what a light breaks on my sight!—  
There, there’s the orphan’s home!”

With smiling face in death’s embrace  
The orphan calmly slept;  
He heard no more the tempest’s roar;  
No more the orphan wept.  
No longer pain might rack his brain,  
No longer might he roam;  
The dearly loved he’d met above,  
And found with them a home!

BEHOLD HOW HE LOVED US.

---

WHILE on the cross the Saviour bleeds,  
While friend nor foe his anguish heeds ;  
While many a taunt and bitter jeer  
Break harshly on his holy ear ;  
He prays,—what can that last prayer be?—  
O, wondrous love, he prays for me !

Deep anguish fills his troubled soul,  
The streams of blood in torrents roll ;  
And louder railings now are heard ;  
He breathes not one complaining word ;  
Yet, hark ! he prays,—what can it be?—  
O, wondrous love, he prays for me !

He bows his head, the Saviour dies ;  
Darkness o'erspreads the azure skies,  
Loud thunders shake the earth and air,  
And earthquakes heave in horror there ;  
Angels the act with wonder see ;—  
O, matchless love, he dies for me !

He leaves the dark and gloomy grave,  
While angel pinions round him wave,  
And, rising from the mountain's brow,  
He kneels before his Father now ;  
He pleads,—what can those pleadings be?—  
O, deathless love, he pleads for me !

And can I then such scenes behold,  
And still be careless, still be cold ?  
Can I, with air of sinful pride,  
Cast such unbounded love aside ?  
My soul, O, can it, can it be ?  
Has Jesus died in vain for thee ?

O, no ! the crimson streams that glide  
From Calvary's deeply blood-stained side,  
Invite my soul, so stained with sin,  
To wash away its guilt therein ;  
And in those precious drops I see  
Christ has not died in vain for me !

The Saviour pleads, in thrilling tone,  
Before his mighty Father's throne,  
That for his sake my guilty name  
Within the book of life may claim  
A place. He smiles ; and now I see  
Christ does not plead in vain for me !

Amazing love ! what tongue can tell  
The wondrous depths that in thee dwell ?  
What angel's mind can e'er explore  
The riches of thy boundless store ?  
O, matchless love beyond degree, —  
Christ bled, he died, and pleads for *me* !

## EARTH NOT THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

---

EARTH, with all thy grief and sorrow,  
And thy changes of to-morrow ;  
With thy woe and with thy parting,  
With thy tears of anguish starting,  
With thy countless heart-strings breaking,  
With thy loved and lost forsaking,  
With thy famished millions sighing,  
With thy scenes of dead and dying,  
With thy graveyards without number,  
Where the old and youthful slumber ;  
Earth, O, earth ! thus dark and dreary,  
Cold, and sad, and worn, and weary,  
Thou art not my home !

Earth, O, earth ! with all thy slaughter,  
And thy streams of blood like water  
O'er the field of battle gushing,  
Where the mighty armies rushing  
Reckless of all human feeling,  
With the war trump loudly pealing,  
And the gallant banners flying,  
Trample on the dead and dying ;  
Where the foe, the friend, the brother,  
Bathed in blood sleep by each other ;  
Earth, O, earth ! thus dark and gory,  
Blood and tears make up thy story,  
Thou art not my home !

Earth, with all thy scenes of anguish,  
Where the poor and starving languish,  
To the proud oppressor bending,  
And their cries for mercy blending ;  
Where the slave with bosom swelling,  
Which despair has made its dwelling,  
And the scalding tear-drops falling —  
Sight to human ears appalling —  
Strives, but strives in vain to sever  
Fetters that must bind him ever ;  
Earth, O, earth ! with each possession  
Sold to tyrants and oppression,  
Thou art not my home !

Earth, O, earth ! thy brightest treasures,  
Like thy hopes and like thy pleasures,  
Wintry winds are daily blighting ;  
Pain, and woe, and death uniting,  
Youth and love and beauty crushing,  
And the sweetest voices hushing ;  
Rich and poor, and old and blooming,  
To one common mansion dooming ;  
While the cries of every nation  
Mingle with those of creation ;  
Earth, O, earth ! thus dark and dreary,  
Cold, and sad, and worn, and weary,  
Thou art not my home !

Earth, O, earth ! though dark and gory,  
In thy pristine state of glory,  
Angels came upon thee gazing,  
Songs of love and rapture raising ;  
For thou then wast bright and beaming,  
With the sunlight on thee streaming,  
With thy crystal waters laving  
Shores with fadeless forests waving ;

With thy plains and with thy mountains,  
With thy ever-gushing fountains;—  
Earth, O, earth! once fair and holy,  
Fallen, fallen, and so lowly;  
Thou art not my home!

Earth, O, earth! bowed down with sorrow,  
Cheer thee, for there comes a morrow;  
Night and clouds, and gloom dispersing,  
And thyself, O, earth, immersing  
In a flood of light undying;  
When the curse upon thee lying,  
With its thousand woes attending,  
Death, and pain, and bosoms rending,  
Partings that the heart-strings sever,  
Will be banished, and forever,—  
Earth, O, earth! renewed in glory,  
Love and joy make up thy story;  
O, be thou my home!

Earth, although thou seemest forsaken,  
Yet a note of praise awaken;  
For the angels, lowly bending  
Round the throne of light unending,  
Gaze upon thee, sad and groaning,  
Listen to thy bitter moaning:  
Thou hast scenes to them amazing,  
While on Calvary's mountain gazing;  
And they smile on every nation  
Purchased with so great salvation,—  
Earth, O, earth! renewed in glory,  
Angels shall rehearse thy story;  
O, be thou my home!

Earth, the morn will *soon* break o'er thee,  
And thy Saviour will restore thee;



Far more bright and far more blooming,  
And more glorious robes assuming,  
Than when first, o'er Eden ringing,  
Angel voices were heard singing;  
For thy King himself descending,  
Heaven and earth together blending,  
With his saints a countless number,  
Those who live and those who slumber,  
Over thee will reign victorious, —  
Earth, O, earth! thus bright and glorious  
Be thou then my home!

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“THE SERVANT IS NOT ABOVE HIS  
MASTER.”

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LONELY pilgrim, art thou sinking  
'Neath the weight of grief and care ?  
Bitter dregs of sorrow drinking  
From the cup of dark despair ?  
Mourn not, for thy Master's footsteps  
The same gloomy paths have trod ;  
He has drained the cup of anguish, —  
He, the mighty Son of God.

Does gaunt poverty surround thee,  
With its pale and meagre train ?  
Do they gather closely round thee,  
Want, and suffering and pain ?  
Mourn not, for the chilly dew-drops  
Fell upon thy Master's bed ;  
Mourn not, for the Prince of Glory  
Had not where to lay his head !

Are thy kindred lowly lying  
In the cold and silent tomb,  
Heedless of thy plaintive sighing,  
Heedless of thy grief and gloom ?  
Know thy Master's tears descended  
Where a dearly-loved one slept ;  
He knows well thy weight of sorrow ;  
Murmur not, for Jesus wept.

Do the friends that once caressed thee  
Pass thee by with frowning brow ?  
Has the friendship that once blessed thee  
Changed to bitter hatred now ?  
Weep not, for thy Master's brethren  
In his sorrow turned aside,  
Scorned to own that once they loved him ;  
Weep not, — Jesus was denied !

Does a scoffing world deride thee,  
And expose to scorn and shame ?  
Do thy foes rise up beside thee,  
Blast thy character and name ?  
Know thy Master was derided,  
Scorned in Pilate's judgment-hall.  
Mourn not ; Christ, the great Redeemer,  
Was despised and loathed by all.

Art thou torn with grief and anguish ?  
Racked with many a burning pain ?  
Does thy weary body languish ?  
Fearful pangs torment thy brain ?  
Murmur not ; from Calvary's mountain  
List thy Master's dying groan !  
Murmur not ; thy great Redeemer  
Gave his life to save thine own !

Does the monster Death look dreary ?  
Fill thy mind with fears and gloom ?  
Does thy spirit, faint and weary,  
Shrink in terror from the tomb ?  
Know thy Master's gone before thee,  
Crossed the dark and narrow tide,  
Disarmed Death of all his terrors.  
Then fear not — thy Saviour died !

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Yes, he died, — the Prince of Glory, —  
Died upon the cursed tree ;  
Pilgrim, spread the joyful story ; —  
Jesus died, and died for thee !  
And he rose, — he rose triumphant, —  
Burst the bands of death in twain.  
Lonely pilgrim, that same Jesus  
Will return to earth again !

See the first faint beams of morning  
Chasing night and clouds away,  
All the glorious sky adorning ;  
Pilgrim, it is break of day !  
Rouse thee, pilgrim, weep no longer !  
Let thy glad Hosanna ring !  
Jesus comes in power and glory ;  
Hail thy Saviour and thy King !

## TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

---

MOTHER, thy loved one slumbers now  
In deep, unbroken rest ;  
But slumbers not with smiling brow  
Upon thy tender breast.  
O, no ! for Death with cruel dart,  
Unheeding anguish wild,  
Has rudely torn thy yearning heart,  
And borne away thy child.

Thy home is drear at break of day,  
And drear at set of sun ;  
For, lo ! the grave enwraps the clay  
Of thy departed one.  
And vainly does thy spirit sigh,  
With yearnings deep and wild,  
To clasp once more within thy arms  
Thy dear, thy darling child.

Cold Death has snatched thy lovely flower ;  
But, lo ! the day draws near,  
When even Death shall lose his power,  
And thy sweet child appear  
All glorious with immortal life,  
In Eden's garden fair.  
O, mother, mother ! would'st thou meet  
Thy dearly-loved one there ?

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD. 195

O, would'st thou join the blood-washed throng  
On that immortal shore?  
O, would'st thou swell the Conqueror's song  
And greet thy child once more?  
Then turn to him who died for thee  
A death of woe and pain;  
And at the resurrection morn  
Embrace thy child again!

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## “LIVE BY FAITH, AND NOT BY SIGHT.”

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CHRISTIAN, why those flowing tears ?  
Why that clouded brow ?  
Why those dark and gloomy fears  
That torment thee now ?  
Throw aside the dark control  
That has gained upon thy soul.  
Bid thy doubts all take their flight ;  
“ Live by faith, and not by sight.”

Though temptations often rise,  
Lead thee far astray,  
Keep in view the glorious prize,  
Always watch and pray ;  
Know the crown is sure to those  
Who the tempter's power oppose.  
Gird thine armor on for fight ;  
“ Live by faith, and not by sight.”

Though thy soul is deeply stained,  
Turn from self thine eye.  
“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain ! ”  
And his dying cry  
Still is ringing loud and clear  
In the Father's holy ear.  
Then let not thy sins affright ;  
“ Live by faith, and not by sight.”

Though thy life be dark and drear,  
 One of pain and gloom,  
 And all that thy heart holds dear  
 Slumber in the tomb ;  
 Though want and poverty be thine ;  
 The hand that smites thee is divine ;  
 Through this dark and dreary night  
 "Live by faith, and not by sight."

Though the darkness reigns supreme,  
 Faith with piercing eye  
 Sees a glorious morning beam,  
 And that morning nigh,  
 Which ushers in the perfect day,  
 When every cloud shall pass away.  
 Then, Christian, then, faith with delight  
 Shall quickly yield her place to sight.  
 17\*



## THE MISSIONARY.

---

"FAREWELL, O, farewell!" the fond husband sighed,  
As she wept in his arms, that beautiful bride;  
"Stern duty commands me, and shall I delay,  
When my Saviour himself is pointing the way?"

"Those tears, dearly loved one, O, why will they start?  
Like sharp-pointed arrows they torture my heart!  
And none save my God my deep anguish can tell  
While I bid thee, beloved one, a long, sad farewell!"

"But list to the wild and the heart-piercing wail,  
Borne onward, still onward, by every soft gale,  
From Afric's dark coast; and canst thou complain,  
Or bid me still longer with thee to remain?"

"I go to bear freedom to Africa's sons;  
I go to bear light to the down-trodden ones;  
I go to proclaim a Saviour's deep love;  
I go to prepare them for mansions above!"

"Farewell, O, farewell! though the tears flow like rain,  
We will hope; for, beloved one, we shall meet again!  
If not on earth's wild, in that bright, blissful home,  
Where pilgrims are sheltered, no longer to roam."

He has gone like the wind; but the wild, tossing main  
Will ne'er waft him back to that loved one again;

Like a warrior he's gone, with his sword and his shield;  
Like a warrior he'll fall on the battle-stained field!

The years may roll on, but will never restore  
That warrior again to his own native shore;  
For he sleeps, calmly sleeps, far o'er the blue wave,  
While the tears of affection fall fast o'er his grave.

For the dark sons of Afric kneel mournfully there,  
And, with uplifted hands, join their voices in prayer;  
While often in accents, half stifled with sighs,  
The praise of the warrior ascends to the skies.

O, warrior! thy conquests, thy glory and name,  
Are nowhere enrolled in the annals of fame;  
But engraved in the hearts of the *heathen* with love  
Eternal, and found in the Lamb's book above.

O, warrior! no laurel encircles thy brow —  
Not even a tombstone is reared to thee now;  
But soon will a throne, and dominion divine,  
And a crown of bright glory and honor, be thine!

That crown will be set with more precious gems  
Than ever have glistened in kings' diadems;  
But the brightest, the purest, the dearest gems there,  
The souls thou hast rescued from woe and despair!

## MORNING SONG.

---

THE orient beams of morn arise,  
And while they tinge the blushing skies,  
And shining warblers on the wing,  
With voice exulting, loudly sing,  
And every leaf and every flower  
Is glistening with a pearly shower ;  
O, let us bend the humble knee,  
And let us render thanks to thee,  
Our gracious Father and our friend,  
Strong to uphold and to defend ;  
And let us raise a song of praise  
With angels round the throne !

When clouds of darkness veiled the sky,  
And midnight winds went howling by,  
Supported by thy mighty arm, —  
Preserved from every rude alarm, —  
We sunk to rest, — we calmly slept,  
While night her lonely vigils kept ;  
And now, while morning brightly glows,  
We, grateful for our sweet repose  
And for thy mercy and thy care,  
Would bow the knee in grateful prayer,  
And we would raise a song of praise  
With angels round the throne !

And when our course on earth is done,  
And when our weary race is run,

And when the long and gloomy night  
Shall yield its place to morning light,  
And glorious in the eastern skies  
The Sun of righteousness shall rise,  
And all thy children, of all times,  
And of all nations, and all climes,  
From hill and vale, from land and sea,  
Shall quickly rise to welcome thee ;  
Then may we in sweet concert raise  
A song of love and endless praise,  
And join with angels' rapturous lays  
Around the dazzling throne !

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

---

“ Ye tempests howl, ye waters roar,  
Around my lonely bark ;  
For love, and peace, and joy, are o'er !  
Roll, roll, ye waters dark !

“ Ye heavens grow black with stormy clouds,  
Put on your vengeful frown ;  
Ye thunders roll, ye lightnings flash —  
Pour all your fury down !

“ Heave, heave thy waves, thou sounding deep,  
Higher and higher swell ;  
The trust I give thee, ocean, keep ; —  
To all I loved, farewell ! ”

He spoke — the youth with darkened soul,  
With burning cheek and eye ;  
He dashed aside his raven locks,  
And sternly turned — to die !

One instant more the dark, dark wave  
Had closed around his form ;  
And he, the young, the erring brave  
Had sunk beneath the storm.

But while upon the howling blast  
He spread his bitter woes,

The storm was calmed, the deep was stilled;  
A glorious star arose !

And long he gazed upon that star,  
Then bent the suppliant knee;  
A voice came pealing from afar —  
“ That bright star shines for thee !

“ Repent thou of thy dark design,  
And hope, and peace, and love,  
Shall yet, O, guilty one ! be thine,  
And a blest home above.

“ The tide of scorn and earthly shame  
Be thine the lot to stem ;  
But follow thou thy guiding star —  
The star of Bethlehem ! ”

He rose serene ; the storm was o'er,  
The heaving waves at rest ;  
Despair's wild billows beat no more  
Upon the wanderer's breast.

And out upon the calm night air  
There burst a song of praise :  
“ Blest be the hour when yonder star  
Met my delighted gaze !

“ Thou fairest star, thou brightest star,  
In all night's diadem,  
O, guide me to my home afar,  
Thou star of Bethlehem ! ”

## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

---

THE evening breezes softly moan  
Around my lonely cot ;  
But, O, they bring no more the tone  
Which once they fondly brought !  
They bring no more the ringing laugh  
Of childish joy and glee ;  
They bring no more the silvery voice  
Dearer than life to me !

The evening shadows quickly fall  
Around my lonely cot ;  
But, O, they bring no more the scenes  
In days of yore they brought !  
They bring no more the joyous child,  
Obedient at their call,  
To watch the images they cast  
Upon the cottage wall.

The soothing hour of rest appears —  
Thick darkness veils my cot ;  
But, ah ! it brings no more the rest  
Which once it gently brought.  
It brings no more the guileless breath  
Of childhood's calm repose ;  
It lays no more within my arms  
My sweet, my folded rose.

The radiant beams of morning rise —  
 Their glory fills my cot;  
 But, O, they wake not from his sleep  
 The form which once they brought,  
 In health and freedom from his couch,  
 To breathe the morning air —  
 To sing his simple lays, or join  
 With me in humble prayer !

And evening's softest breeze may sigh,  
 Or howling tempest roar;  
 They 'll bring my sweet, my darling child  
 Unto my arms no more;  
 For neither storm nor searching blast  
 Can wake the slumb'ring dead;  
 My boy sleeps heedless of them all  
 Within his narrow bed.

And evening shadows too may fall,  
 And darkness veil the skies;  
 Yet homeward, urged by gathering clouds,  
 My child will ne'er arise,  
 To seek a shelter from the night,  
 And from the dreary gloom;  
 For night is like the day to those  
 Who slumber in the tomb.

And Sleep may send his angels forth,  
 To ease the weary heart;  
 And bid them spread their soothing wings  
 O'er every aching part.  
 They 'll never cast another shade,  
 My boy, upon thy brow;  
 For thou art resting, cold and still,  
 In deathlike slumber now.



My child comes not at hush of eve,  
Nor in the silent night;  
But when the Morn shall gild the east  
With floods of *living light*,  
And when that morning's Sun shall rise,  
Whose beams shall gild the tomb,  
My boy will leave his icy couch,  
In more than childhood's bloom!

Then, hail, thrice hail, thou happy day! —  
When *will* the night be gone?  
When will the shadows flee away,  
And that bright morning dawn?  
Sure every mother's heart that holds  
A tie so dear and strong,  
Within the grave, with me can cry —  
“How long, O Lord, how long?”

'TIS I—BE NOT AFRAID.

---

DARK hung the clouds o'er Galilee;  
A lone'y bark was on the sea,  
Where wild the billows played;  
Deep terror filled each trembling frame,  
When suddenly the accents came,  
" 'Tis I — be not afraid ! "

A martyr stood with tranquil air;  
He saw the stake, the fetters there,  
The fagots all arrayed;  
But, though such darkness reigned around,  
He caught the sweet, the cheering sound,  
" 'Tis I — be not afraid ! "

A weary pilgrim roamed alone;  
For him was breathed no friendly tone;  
No friendly hand brought aid;  
But, through the gloom so dark and drear,  
A gentle whisper reached his ear,  
" 'Tis I — be not afraid ! "

A mother knelt in anguish wild  
Beside a loved, a dying child,  
And tears in torrents strayed;  
A soothing voice breathed to her heart,  
In tones that bade despair depart,  
" 'Tis I — be not afraid ! "

Up on a bed of pain and death  
A Christian faintly drew his breath,  
With spirit half dismayed;  
He heard a soft, a tender voice —  
It caused that spirit to rejoice —  
“T is I — be not afraid!”

A penitent with streaming eye  
Raised unto heaven his doleful cry,  
And fervently he prayed;  
A brilliant light around him shone,  
And with it came a heavenly tone,  
“T is I — be not afraid!”

And when the trump from yonder skies  
Shall bid the silent dead arise;  
When suns and stars shall fade;  
When thunders roar, and mountains fall;  
The saints shall hear above them all,  
“T is I — be not afraid!”

"BEHOLD, HE COMETH."

---

With flaming sword and shining train,  
Behold the Lamb that once was slain!  
He comes with glory on his brow;  
He comes — but 't is for vengeance now!

He comes — but not with lowly form;  
He comes 'mid wreathing "flame and storm;"  
While suns and stars their faces hide  
Before the mighty Crucified!

He comes — he comes — no crown of thorns,  
But awful majesty, adorns  
His shining brow; creation rings;  
For, lo, he comes as King of kings!

He comes — he comes — thunders resound;  
The trumpet peals its dreadful sound;  
He comes — he comes — and earth, aghast,  
Trembles and reels beneath the blast!

He comes — he comes — and, lo! the great,  
Of haughty heart and lofty state,  
In terror to the mountains call  
To hide them from the Lord of All!

He comes — he comes — loud anthems ring,  
And Zion joyfully hails her King;

On wings of love the saints arise,  
And mount to meet him in the skies!

He comes — he comes — Death's power is o'er;  
His victims wake from sea and shore —  
Immortal leave the icy tomb,  
While earth regains its Eden bloom!

He comes — he comes — the tyrant's sway,  
The despot's power, have passed away;  
And Zion sings, in joyful strains,  
"Jesus, our great Deliverer, reigns!"

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## THE WANDERER.

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Thou hast wandered long; then wherefore again  
Dost thou make thy home on the roaring main?  
Has thy native land no charms for thee,  
That thou bravest thus the rage of the sea?  
Is there nothing to bind thy spirit here?  
Hast thou not friends devoted and dear?

Thou hast wandered long where the billows roar;  
Then take thy rest on the peaceful shore;  
Thou hast battled long with the howling storm,  
And the waves have dashed o'er thy care-worn form;  
Then cease, lonely wanderer, cease to roam;  
Return once more to thy childhood's home!

The meadows are green, and the forests are fair,  
And the bright-winged birds make melody there;  
The wood-doves are paired on the beechen tree,  
And the flowers bloom, and they bloom for thee;  
The brook runs clear in the shadowy dell; —  
To such bright scenes wilt thou say farewell?

Does thy mother not watch for thy coming now,  
With an anxious heart and a throbbing brow?  
Does thy father not list for thy voice to fall  
Once more in the old ancestral hall?  
And thy brothers and sisters, with tender air,  
Are they not waiting to welcome thee there?

Then why dost thou leave the beautiful shore?  
Return to the scenes of thy youth once more;  
To the forests green, O, wanderer go!  
Where thy youthful brothers are bending the bow;  
Forget thy toils on the briny deep,  
In the sweets of home; — but why dost thou weep?

“Ye bid me forsake the billowy foam,  
Ye bid me return to my childhood’s home;  
Ye say that the forests are blooming and fair,  
Ye speak of the birds that are warbling there;  
And my heart grows sad, and pallid my brow,  
For I have no home to return to now!

“Ye speak of the friends of my early youth,  
Whom I dearly loved with devotion and truth;  
In whose joys and sorrows I once had a share; —  
But where are they now? O, tell me, where!  
Should I meet them all at the vine-clad door? —  
Alas! alas! we shall meet no more!

“Then tell me not of my childhood’s home,  
Nor the forests green where I used to roam;  
O, tell me not of my native shore!  
It has beauties still; but they charm no more!  
There’s not a friend, nor a home for me; —  
Then welcome, O, welcome, thou dark, dark sea!

“I have wandered long with an aching heart;  
I have seen the friends whom I love depart;  
But the howling tempests are wafting me o’er  
The rude sea of life to a heavenly shore;  
And soon I shall enter the haven of rest,  
The home of the pure, the happy, and blest.

" I bade an adieu to earth's fleeting charms  
When death tore all that I loved from my arms ;  
And now the departed in ecstasy wait  
To welcome me home by the pearly gate ;—  
Then ye billows heave, and ye tempests roar,  
O, bear me on to that glorious shore ! "



## THE MESSENGER-BIRD.

---

O, FLY away to the better land,  
Thou bird of the snowy wing!  
O, fly away to the blood-washed band,  
And hear the songs they sing!

But bear a message from us, O, dove!  
To that bright and happy throng;  
For we have friends, whom we dearly love,  
Who swell the Conqueror's song.

O, tell them our hearts are sad and lone,  
Our homes not bright as of yore;  
For we miss the soft, the soothing tone  
Of the friends we loved before!

O, tell them we sigh for the better land,  
For earth has grown sad and chill;  
And we long rejoicing with them to stand  
On the heights of Zion's hill!

O, tell them we long to share their rest,  
Afar from all earthly strife;  
We long to lean on our Saviour's breast,  
And roam by the tree of life!

O, tell them our fondest hopes are there,  
For our earthly hopes are o'er;

And we sigh for the land all bright and fair —  
We sigh for the deathless shore !

Then fly away to the better land,  
Thou bird of the snowy wing !  
O, fly away to the blood-washed band,  
And hear the songs they sing !

And then return with the speed of love,  
When the night grows dark and chill,  
And tell us, O tell us, thou white-winged dove !  
Do they love, do they love us still ?

We know there is One, in that blissful home,  
Who loves and remembers us yet ;  
Though weary and sorrowful now we roam,  
We know that he will not forget !

We'll trust him then, the great and the strong ;  
By his own almighty hand  
He'll bring us soon with the blood-washed throng  
To the bright, the better land !

## THE DYING WARRIOR.

---

A WARRIOR lay, with a heaving breast,  
On the field of the dying and dead ;  
His cheek was pale and his lips compressed,  
And the fading light from the distant west  
Shone over his gory bed.

The night came on ; and the moon arose  
With her soft and her tremulous glow ;  
She shed her light o'er friends and o'er foes,  
All sleeping together in dull repose  
On the battle-field below.

The warrior gazed with a mournful sigh  
On the blue and the star-spangled dome ;  
While tears shone bright in his sunken eye,  
And vivid thoughts like the lightning would fly  
To his childhood's distant home.

He thought of the mother who used to bend  
O'er his couch, when in sorrow and pain —  
Who to his complaints an ear would lend ;  
But alas ! he knew that that dearest friend  
Would ne'er bend o'er him again.

He thought of the scenes where once he strayed  
With his brothers in days of yore ;  
He thought of the stream, the peaceful glade,  
The cottage that stood in the dark green shade,  
With the vines around the door.

He thought, with a pang of dark despair,  
'T was the hour they all used to meet  
With grateful hearts for the evening prayer;  
He thought of the group that were gathered there;  
He thought — of a vacant seat.

He knew that a fervent prayer would rise  
For the loved and the long-absent one;  
He knew that the tears would flow from their eyes,  
And his father's voice would be choked with sighs,  
As he prayed for his erring son.

He knew for him they would all implore  
A renewed and a sanctified heart;  
That when the toils of this life were o'er  
They all might embrace each other once more,  
Never, no never to part!

One trembling hand to his brow he pressed,  
And the tears of contrition he shed;  
He implored for pardon, a home with the blest;  
Then he wrapped his cloak round his gory breast,  
And the warrior's spirit fled!

## THE MOTHER'S ROCK.

---

NEAR where two streams their waters blend  
There stands a lofty rock ;  
The tempests howl, the floods descend,  
Still it withstands the shock.  
'T is darkly stained with tears and gore,  
Ne'er to be cleansed by time ;  
For there it bends the blue wave o'er,  
A monument of crime !

Within a fair sequestered place,  
Where forests green appeared,  
And nature wore a smiling face,  
A little hut was reared ;  
Wild flowers grew in profusion there,  
And balmy zephyrs sighed ;  
Nor knew they aught of grief or care —  
The negro and his bride.

Bright faces gathered round their hearth,  
Though dark the youthful brow ;  
Yet they were dearer than all earth  
Unto those parents now ;  
And love that mortals seldom know  
Around their dwelling shone,  
And made a paradise below,  
To all the world unknown.

But, ah ! there came a fatal morn,  
 Though bright as e'er before ;  
 The father with his eldest born  
 Launched from the peaceful shore ;  
 By gentle winds the bark was borne,  
 And lightly sped away,  
 O'er the blue waters, to return  
 Before the close of day.

'T was noon ; and sat beneath the shade  
 The wife and children three —  
 A happy group ; two round her played,  
 One sported on her knee.  
 And joy was in the mother's eye,  
 That love will ever claim —  
 A mother's love, too strong to die,  
 In black and white the same !

But soon, aroused from dreams of bliss,  
 She starts in dread amaze ; —  
 What sound was that ? what sight is this  
 That meets her frightened gaze ? —  
 Tall savage forms around her stand —  
 Their streaming locks are bare ;  
 But he, the leader of that band,  
 Has soft and sunny hair !

Each brow is dark save his alone —  
 And his how pale and fair !  
 Compared with theirs how soft his tone ! —  
 What does the white man there ?  
 The crucifix of silver bright  
 Upon his breast appears —  
 The sign of peace — ah ! sure the sight  
 Must soothe the mother's fears !

Alas ! no messages of love  
Bring him at such an hour,  
And she must dread his frown above  
The savage Indian's power !  
She clasped her babes, dearer than life,  
One piercing cry she gave,  
For she, the mother and the wife,  
Must be the white man's slave !

She struggles ; — no, it may not be —  
She may not burst her chain ;  
The negro never may be free  
In her dear home again !  
But near and nearer to her breast,  
With torn and bleeding arms,  
Her trembling babes she wildly pressed,  
To hush their rude alarms !

Toward the river's quiet shore  
That struggling form they drew ;  
The waves that morn the father bore —  
They bear the mother, too ;  
But not like him, ere day shall close,  
To seek their once fair cot ;  
She never more may find repose  
Within that sheltered spot !

The shore recedes, her breast heaves high  
With woe and anguish wild ;  
And o'er the wave there rings a cry,  
" My husband and my child ! "  
Ah, wretched one ! thy bitter wail  
Falls on no tender ear,  
And thou may'st call till voice shall fail,  
Nor child nor husband hear !

That night, when moon and shining star  
Lit up the azure dome,  
The mother and her babes were far  
From their own forest home ;  
She lulled those darling ones to rest ; —  
Ah ! little might they know  
The pangs, that rent her faithful breast,  
Of agony and woe !

She thought of those who mourned and wept,  
Whom she might never see ;  
She grasped her children as they slept, —  
She must, she would be free !  
Day after day, night after night,  
She strove to fly in vain ;  
As oft arrested in her flight,  
They brought her bound again !

She bore the lash, the scorn, the shame,  
With an undaunted heart ;  
But, ah ! a ruder pang there came —  
She and her babes must part !  
In vain she clasped them to her breast,  
With look of wild despair ;  
From that last place of earthly rest  
Those helpless ones they tear !

And she has gone ; at every throb,  
O, how her bosom bleeds !  
Nor scalding tear nor bitter sob  
A pitying spirit heeds !  
From shore to shore she rolls her eyes —  
How calm the scene around !  
While there in agony she lies,  
Bleeding, and worn, and bound !



The day wears on — 't will soon be spent ;  
How trembles now her frame !  
She hears her darling babes lament,  
And call their mother's name !  
The dearest objects of her care, —  
O, no ! they must not be  
Without a friend their griefs to share, —  
One struggle — she is free !

She plunges 'neath the dark blue wave,  
And she has reached the shore ; —  
Now haste thee on, O, mother, brave !  
Ne'er was such need before.  
Alas ! alas ! 't is all in vain —  
Hell-hounds are on her track ;  
Upon her flying steps they gain —  
They 've brought that mother back !

Upon a rock which overhung  
The dark and foaming wave,  
With every nerve to anguish strung,  
Stands the heart-broken slave !  
And at her side are cruel foes ;  
Her suffering they mock ;  
The cliff o'er which her life blood flows  
They name the " Mother's Rock ! "

She trembles as the lashes fall —  
She feels the warm blood start ;  
But, ah ! a pang more keen than all  
Has torn her wretched heart !  
And 't is not for her own dark lot  
Her bitter shrieks arise ;  
Her helpless babes claim every thought ;  
For them she madly cries !

Once more the boat is on its way,  
And bears its freight of woe ;  
The setting sun sheds his last ray  
Upon the scene below ;  
And with the night comes on the storm,  
And falls the chilly rain  
Upon the mother's bleeding form,  
And cools her burning brain.

They reached the destined place at length ;  
Within a dreary shed  
The mother lay with wasted strength  
And sadly drooping head.  
'Tis midnight, and she hears no sound  
Except the raging storm ;  
She hopes once more, though faint and bowed  
Her lacerated form !

Her wounded arms she may not move —  
Her teeth untie the thong ;  
Ah ! how those painful efforts prove  
Her love, so deep and strong !  
With noiseless step and beaming brow  
She passes through the door ;  
How heaves her heart with rapture now,  
For she is free once more !

The night is dark, the rain falls fast,  
And fourscore miles divide  
Her from her babes, — wilds to be passed,  
And rivers deep and wide !  
The scene around, the sky above,  
Might tempt her to despair ;  
But, no ; her heart is strong with love ;  
Her precious babes are there !

With bounding heart she takes her flight  
Where man has never been ;  
Deeper and deeper grows the night,  
Brighter the flame within ;  
Through forests dense, where scarce a beam  
Of light at noon might stray —  
O'er pathless waste — o'er swollen stream —  
Onward she holds her way !

Days fled — and on the fourth bright morn  
The mother's woes were past —  
What cared she now for pain or scorn ? —  
She clasped her babes at last !  
The tears of joy rolled o'er her face —  
Yet short the hour of bliss ;  
O, mother ! 't is thy last embrace —  
Thy last paternal kiss !

While friend nor foe may heed her cries,  
They bind her as before ;  
Her children's wails with hers arise —  
They part — to meet no more !  
The mother bowed her aching head  
Beneath the fatal stroke ;  
Her heart had long in anguish bled,  
And now her heart-strings broke !

Not long her mangled breast might heave  
With its tormenting throes ;  
For ere the sun had set that eve  
The mother found repose !  
Nor children's wail might rouse her more,  
Nor cause her form to start ;  
She rested calmly on the shore —  
She of the broken heart !

Near where two streams their waters blend,  
There stands the "Mother's Rock!"  
The tempests howl, the floods descend,  
Still it withstands the shock;  
For there it bends, uncleansed by time,  
The dark blue wave above,  
A monument of woe and crime,  
And of a mother's love!

## THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

---

THERE came a cry on the howling blast —  
A cry of woe and of pain ;  
A moment more, and the voice had past,  
And never was heard again !

THAT night a mourner her vigils kept,  
But the tear was yet unshed ;  
And the chilly breeze her damp locks swept  
Above the brow of the dead !

LONG, long she gazed on the haggard face,  
And she parted the matted hair  
From the deadly brow, where shame and disgrace  
Were mingled with foul despair !

SHE shed no tear, but the pallid cheek  
Told well of the inward strife ;  
And told of the woe no tongue might speak —  
The woe of the drunkard's wife !

DARK grew the night, and louder the storm,  
And the dreary rain fell fast ;  
But still she knelt by that shattered form,  
And she thought of the scenes of the past.

SHE remembered well when in early youth  
She stood by that loved one's side,  
With a beaming eye and a heart of truth,  
A fair and a happy bride.

She remembered well the tender smile,  
The love of the noble heart,  
Which ev'ry care and grief would beguile,  
Or in them would bear a part.

She remembered well the home of yore,  
Where peace and where plenty dwelt,  
Ere the tempter foul had crossed their door,  
And woe and destruction dealt.

And then she thought of the grief and shame  
That were hers in after life —  
When first she was called by that dread name,  
The name of a drunkard's wife !

And her eye grew wild with dark despair  
As she thought of the loved one's doom ;  
For she saw the once fond husband there  
Prepared for a drunkard's tomb !

She thought of those who had downward led  
One dearer than light or life ;  
And a curse fell on the rumseller's head —  
The curse of the drunkard's wife !

And the curse was heard at the mighty Throne  
She breathed o'er the ghastly dead ;  
For the curse of God with hers came down  
Upon the rumseller's head !

## THE NEW YEAR.

---

WRITTEN FOR 1853.

ANOTHER year! — another year! —  
What strange emotions swell,  
As with a saddened heart we hear  
The dying year's farewell!  
We mark his last expiring groan,  
And then, perchance, a tear,  
Sacred to Memory's self alone,  
Falls on his silent bier.

We view in death his closing eye,  
His features pale and chill;  
And, though we scarce could answer why,  
We cling around him still.  
We draw the gloomy shroud apart  
That hides his well-known face,  
And with a wildly heaving heart  
We give one last embrace.

In his short reign a long, long band  
Of pain and death he's led;  
And ev'ry nation, ev'ry land,  
Sighs for its fallen dead.  
Upon her mighty statesman's grave  
Columbia drops a tear,  
While England mourns her warrior brave,  
And weeps above his bier.

He's mixed for us full many a cup  
 Of sorrow and of care,  
 And sternly bade us drink it up,  
 Unheeding what was there.  
 Full many a joyous hope he's crushed  
 Within his swift career,  
 And many a cherished voice is hushed  
 That hailed the new-born year !

He's given us a priceless gem,  
 Set round with gems of gold ;  
 Placed in one glorious diadem,  
 When will its worth be told ?  
 That precious gift once was our own ;  
 That jewel fair and bright  
 Now lies before our Maker's throne,  
 And glistens in his sight !

And when the trumpet's awful roar  
 Shall shake the groaning earth,  
 We shall behold that gem once more,  
 And we shall feel its worth.  
 O, will it buy the great reward  
 Then prized by ev'ry heart ?  
 Or will it force our gracious Lord  
 To speak that word — "depart" ?

That year has fled, forever fled —  
 But stay ye falling tears !  
 For, lo ! another gem instead  
 As bright and pure appears.  
 Improve it well — the gift is great —  
 It may not long be thine ;  
 Then learn, ere it shall be too late,  
 The priceless worth of time.



## THE CAPTIVE.

---

"ANOTHER dreary day is past —  
I fain would wish it were my last;  
Since every day and every year  
Find me a lonely captive here.

"When rise the beams of morning light,  
At morn, at eve, at dead of night —  
Ah! they are all the same to one  
Who never sees the rising sun!

"Sometimes I hear the merry shout  
Of children wandering without;  
And when those joyous sounds I hear,  
Ever there falls a burning tear.

"For I had children young and fair,  
With sparkling eyes and sunny hair,  
With blooming cheek and happy brow; —  
Where are they, O! where are they now?

"Perchance they slumber in the tomb,  
Forgetful of their father's doom;  
Perchance, far o'er the dark blue sea,  
They live, and still remember me.

"O, could they gaze upon my face,  
They would not there their father trace,  
Nor in this bent and feeble frame! —  
The heart alone is still the same!

"My children, too, have changed with time;  
My boys must be in manhood's prime;  
But let me try as oft I will,  
I see them only children still.

"I wonder if their hearts are strong  
To do the right and shun the wrong?  
I wonder if they place their love  
On things below, or things above?

"I wonder if they dare to own  
Their faith in Jesus' blood alone? —  
Their father's faith — to me how dear —  
For which I am a captive here.

"Grant it, my Father and my Friend!  
To them thy pardoning love extend;  
And if they live that once were mine,  
In mercy, Father, make them thine!

"And if this dreary dungeon wall  
Must close round me till death shall call;  
And if unfriended and alone  
I breathe my last expiring groan;

"Be thou my hope, be thou my stay,  
Drive all my gloomy fears away;  
With peace and joy my bosom fill,  
And be my God and portion still!

"Though not one sunny beam can dwell  
Within this dark and noisome cell,  
Yet show thy face, the darkness flies —  
Where'er thou art is Paradise.

"Though human tones I never hear,  
If thou, my God, art only near,

My drooping spirit will rejoice,  
And bound to hear thy still, small voice.

"Shut out from all the world can prize,  
From friendship and from kindred ties —  
Home, light and love forbidden me —  
I find my more than all in thee "

"And when my earthly strength shall fail,  
Be thou my guide through death's dark vale;  
With thine own arm support me still,  
And bring me safe to Zion's hill."

That night another crown was given,  
Purchased by blood alone;  
Another voice was heard in heaven  
Around the dazzling throne.

Another joyful harp was strung,  
While the eternal dome  
With saints' and angels' voices rung,  
To hail the captive home.

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## INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

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O, God! where art thou? where thy mighty throne?  
Why is thy face unseen, and thou unknown? —  
Source and support of all, why is thy form  
Hidden from mortal eyes? when every storm  
That sweeps athwart the dark and angry sky,  
When all the bright and burning orbs on high,  
When the deep sea, that in its fury roars,  
When all its beautiful and fertile shores,  
When every river, hill and lowly dale,  
When every mountain, tree and flowery vale,  
When every bird, and e'en the springing sod,  
Whisper aloud, "There is, there is a God!"

These are thy works; but where, O God, art thou?  
Pavilioned in deep darkness, is thy brow  
Hid in dark folds, ne'er to be drawn apart?  
Will mortal never see thee as thou art? —  
Yes; — when the wheels of time have ceased to run,  
When yon bright orb its glorious task has done,  
Then will the veil be rent which once concealed  
The throne of God, the mighty unrevealed;  
Then mortal eyes will view his dwelling-place,  
And even mortals see him face to face.

## LINES WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

---

SISTER, the names recorded here  
Have wished thee pure delight —  
Pleasures undimmed by sorrow's tear,  
Unknown to sorrow's night.

I'd wish thee such ; but, O, 't is vain ! —  
For oft the tear will flow ;  
Life has its grief, life has its pain,  
And thou must share its woe.

What would thy sister wish for thee ? —  
Wishes of purest love ;  
Such as would gild death's dreary sea,  
And lead to realms above.

She'd point thee far beyond the tomb,  
Where pleasures ne'er decay ;  
She'd wish for thee such joys as bloom  
When others flee away.

She'd bid thee raise thy eyes from earth  
Unto a heavenly shore,  
Where sisters reared around one hearth  
May meet to part no more.

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

---

O, *weeping* group ! with mournful tread,  
With streaming eye, and drooping head,  
Enter your sad and lonely home,  
So desolate and gloomy grown,  
Since Death, with cold, relentless hand,  
Has torn one from your household band.

A cherished form has left your door —  
A form that ne'er will shade it more ;  
An eye is closed that always smiled  
Upon you with affection mild ;  
A voice is hushed that used to greet ;  
A *mother's heart* has ceased to beat.

Each object now that meets your eyes  
Causes the swelling tear to rise ;  
The scenes you view at every tread  
Remind you of the silent dead ;  
All things a lonely aspect wear,  
For one dear place is vacant there.

When round the family board you meet,  
And each one takes his 'customed seat,  
The sigh, the bitter sigh, will start,  
Forced from an almost bursting heart,  
And tears each other quickly trace,  
As you behold a vacant place.

When at the altar's shrine you bend,  
Your prayers of love and praise to blend,  
You'll glance around with mournful brow,  
And view one seat that's vacant now;  
And while you raise the fervent prayer,  
The tears will fall in torrents there.

But see! beyond the falling tears,  
A beam of glorious light appears;  
It gently beckons you away  
From sorrow's dark and gloomy sway,  
And points your spirits, so forlorn,  
Unto the resurrection morn!

## DEATH.

---

NEARLY six thousand rolling years  
Cold Death has held his sway ;  
Compelling all, in every age,  
His mandates to obey.

To him the monarchs of the earth  
In forced submission bow ;  
Unawed by rank he lays his hand  
E'en on the kingly brow.

The bravest heart, the stoutest form,  
Submit their fleeting breath ;  
And even haughty tyrants yield  
Unto the tyrant Death.

The conqueror, decked with trophies won  
From many a spreading land,  
Casts sword and laurel death aside,  
And bends at Death's command.

The great and low, the rich and poor,  
The high in earthly fame,  
The good and meek, all feel alike  
His sure and deadly aim.

He rends the strongest ties of love,  
Tears dearest friends apart,  
And, heedless of affection's tears,  
He breaks the bleeding heart.



From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
His ghastly victims lie ; —  
When will the tyrant's power be o'er ?  
When will the tyrant die ?

When the last trumpet's awful sound  
Shall pierce the silent tomb,  
And the eternal Son of God  
Pronounce his final doom —

Then, then, shall burst the joyful cry,  
While heaven and earth shall ring, —  
“ O, grave, where is thy victory ?  
O, death, where is thy sting ? ”

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## ELIJAH.

---

He calmly stands on the mountain's brow. —  
God shield thee, thou lonely prophet, now !  
For thy friends are few, and thy foes are strong,  
And each heart beats high in that mocking throng;  
And every eye is fixed upon thee,  
As thou standest alone in thy majesty.

The prophets of Baal are many and great,  
And they move along in princely state ;  
With a scornful eye and a haughty air,  
They have proudly taken their station there ;  
While the blood of thy comrades stains the sod,  
And thou only art left a prophet of God.

Yet firm is thy step, and calm thy brow —  
The Lord God of hosts is for thee now ;  
And, strong in his strength, thou mayest advance,  
And defy the world with thy piercing glance ;  
While the prophets of Baal bend at thy nod,  
And the people own that the Lord, he is God.

The sun shines bright in the azure sky,  
And the morning breeze sweeps gently by,  
And all is quiet on earth, in air —  
Not a sound escapes from that multitude there ;  
Though eager each eye and troubled each mien,  
Yet the stillness of death reigns over the scene.

But a voice is heard; and clear and loud  
 It breaks on the ears of the listening crowd;  
 They quickly obey. A space is cleared;  
 The bullock is slain, the altar is reared;  
 While the prophets of Baal around it bend,  
 And implore their god an answer to send.

The day wears on, and the sun is high —  
 Still round that altar they madly cry;  
 But the sky is serene as ever before,  
 And, frantic with rage, they shout the more;  
 But 't is all in vain; and the day has past,  
 And the prophets of Baal have yielded at last.

Each heart beats high with anxiety there,  
 As Elijah, with calm, majestic air,  
 Alone and exposed to a nation's frown,  
 Rebuilds the altar long since thrown down.  
 'T is the hour for the evening sacrifice now,  
 And he solemnly kneels on the mountain's brow.

On the name of the Lord his God he calls;  
 When, lo! quick as lightning, the fire falls!  
 A smoke ascends to the vaulted sky,  
 And with it arises a mingled cry;  
 And bowed is each head, and bent is each knee,  
 As "the Lord, he is God!" rings loud o'er the sea.

'T is night, and the evening breeze grows chill;  
 The prophet pleads with Jehovah still;  
 He has seen the prophets of Baal slain,  
 And now he implores for the falling rain.  
 The heavens grow black at Jehovah's word; —  
 Arise, Elijah, thy prayer is heard!

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"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

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THERE was a light in the father's eye,  
And a smile on the father's brow ;  
But he saw his dearly-loved one die, —  
O ! where was the bright smile now ?

He bent o'er the form of his lifeless son,  
While the tears fell fast and free :  
" O, bitter the stroke, my idolized one,  
That tore thee from love and me ! "

An angel form drew near to the place,  
And he raised his drooping head ;  
With a smiling brow and beaming face,  
The angel visitant said :

" That beautiful form is no longer thine own,  
For Death calls him his, in a triumphant tone ;  
His arm is around him — he bears him away —  
He is no longer thine — Death claims him his prey !

Death claims him ; but see, o'er the vault of the tomb,  
A light, bright and beaming, disperses the gloom,  
And a voice is heard 'mid earth's mourning and woe —  
'T is the voice of Him who once wandered below :

' He sleeps in my arms — the young and the fair ;  
I called him away from earth's sorrow and care ;

I died to redeem him, and now he is mine,  
With angels and seraphs forever to shine!

' Death claims his cold form, and he bears him away;  
But his dust is mine own, and, till the bright day,  
When I come and bid earth to yield up her trust,  
I will watch o'er his tomb — I will guard his dust.

' In glory and grandeur descending the skies,  
With a form like mine own I will bid him arise;  
By the side of his Saviour forever to roam  
With the lambs of my flock in his beautiful home.

' Wouldst thou meet him, thy loved, thy lost one again,  
Far, far from a world of confusion and pain?  
O, I would embrace thee with rapture and joy,  
And give thee a home with thy beautiful boy!

' In the mansions of bliss I've gone to prepare  
There is room for thee still; — wilt thou enter there?  
Through the blood of the Lamb the entrance is free,  
And a pitying guide thou wilt find in me.

' I have severed one tie from this dreary earth,  
And thy tears are the signs of an angel's birth;  
I have borne one tie to the regions above; —  
Wilt thou follow him to those mansions of love? "

There came a balm to the father's woes,  
And a smile to the father's brow;  
Years passed away, and he's found repose  
In the home of the blessed now!

And as he bends at the shining throne,  
And joins in the angel's lay,  
He thanks his God, in a joyful tone,  
That he bore his child away!

## THE CRUCIFIED OF GALILEE.

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METHOUGHT I stood, at close of day,  
Where soft the balmy breezes play,  
And bright beneath the Eastern skies  
The sacred hills of Canaan rise,  
And saw him on the shameful tree, —  
The Crucified of Galilee !

I heard the mocking throng deride  
The anguish of the Crucified ;  
I saw the brilliant sun grow dim ;  
I heard creation shriek for him ;  
I saw him die, and die for me, —  
The Crucified of Galilee !

And then I saw the veil upraised  
From the eternal world, and gazed  
Upon the scene in deep surprise ;  
One form alone could fix my eyes ;  
I knew him, yes, indeed 't was he, —  
The Crucified of Galilee !

And though upon his lovely brow  
A beam of glory rested now ;  
Though angels praised his holy name ;  
Yet still I knew he was the same  
Who hung upon the shameful tree, —  
The Crucified of Galilee !

## THE CRUCIFIED OF GALILEE.

I knew him by his tender air ;  
I knew him by the fervent prayer  
He breathed for those for whom he died ;  
I knew him by his wounded side ;  
By these I knew that it was he, —  
The Crucified of Galilee !

I knew him by the loving smile  
With which he welcomed sinners vile ;  
I knew him, for he took a share  
In all his children's griefs and care ;  
I knew him by his love for me, —  
The Crucified of Galilee !

The vision faded from afar ;  
But still 't is memory's guiding star,  
To cheer the night and point a way  
Unto an everlasting day,  
When I, with unveiled eyes, shall see  
The Crucified of Galilee !

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le ;

## THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

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"FAREWELL, thou friend from childhood's years !  
Thou soother of my heart !  
We met at first with sighs and tears,  
And now with tears we part.  
Thou oft hast eased my burning brow,  
And calmed me with thy spell ;  
But we must part forever now ; —  
My Muse, O, fare thee well !

"For thee, for thee I have resigned  
The pleasures others prize, —  
The joys that lure the youthful mind,  
And charm all other eyes, —  
The sweets of friendship and of love, —  
I've given all for thee, —  
All save my hopes of bliss above ;  
And what hast thou for me ?

"Ay, what ? — perchance an empty name,  
If mine the power to please ;  
A garland from the bowers of fame ;  
But what, O ! what are these  
To aching hearts that thirst and sigh  
For friendship's thrilling tone ?  
O ! what are they to such as I,  
The sorrowful and lone ?"



'T was thus he sighed at twilight's hour,  
And shed the burning tear;  
When to the fair, sequestered bower  
A lovely form drew near.  
"I heard the sad complaint," she said,  
"Thou madest unto me;  
And on the wings of love I sped  
To bring relief to thee.

"For I have been thy friend and guide  
From childhood's early years;  
I've watched o'er thee in joy and pride,  
And shared thy hopes and fears.  
And now there's sadness on thy brow,  
And sorrow in thy heart;  
Earth has dealt harshly by thee now,  
But wherefore should we part?

"If others' joys thou canst not know,  
Nor in their pleasures share;  
If thou more keenly feel'st the woe  
That all on earth must bear;  
Yet there's a spring of purer bliss  
Within thy lonely breast;  
The giddy throng enjoys not this,  
And thou art truly blest.

"Thy friends are stars, and purling streams,  
And all things pure and bright;  
Flowers sleeping 'neath the moon's pale beams,  
Or blushing in the light;  
And warblers in the forest trees,  
Or soaring in the sky;  
And thine the power in every breeze  
To hear an angel's sigh.

"And thou canst sit in calm repose  
On hill, in flowery dell,  
With thoughts, the worldling never knows,  
Too beautiful to tell;  
While fancy, all unfettered, soars  
From bounding sea to sea,  
Or plunges from time's fading shores  
Into eternity!

"When morn, with bright and dewy wings,  
Sweeps back the clouds of night,  
To roam with her thy spirit springs  
In rapture and delight.  
And when the moon with silver rays  
Bathes forest, hill and lea,  
Then night unfolds unto thy gaze  
Her book of mystery.

'And I will give to thee new fire,  
And teach thee well the art  
To wake the numbers of thy lyre,  
And melt the human heart.  
Then strike thy harp — its notes prolong —  
But not for earthly fame;  
The Cross the burden of thy song —  
God's glory thy true aim!

"And thine a great reward indeed;  
For unto thee is given  
That thou through God's free grace may'st lead  
Some wanderer to heaven."  
The Poet smiled — his harp he strung  
Unto a heavenly lay;  
And Hope her pinions round him flung  
From that auspicious day!

## LIFE.

---

As when the graceful bark, with spreading sails,  
Glides from the port into the open sea,  
Wafted along by soft and prosperous gales,  
Just as the rising sun bids darkness flee;  
So, like that bark, in early youth are we,  
When first we launch upon the sea of life —  
Our hopes as bright, our youthful souls as free,  
The scene around with love and beauty rife,  
And all unknown to us its griefs, its cares and strife.

The bark glides on; but, see! the azure sky  
With dark and angry clouds is soon o'ercast;  
The thunders roar, the forkéd lightnings fly,  
The billows beat, and howls the midnight blast!  
The trembling vessel, with dismantled mast,  
The maddened waves have in their fury tossed,  
Until she lies a helpless wreck at last,  
Her plans all thwarted, and her hopes all crossed,  
Her guiding star obscured, and her direction lost.

'Tis thus with life; at times deemed most secure,  
When all seems calm, and beautiful, and fair,  
Dark rocks concealed, the easier to allure,  
The fragile bark in youth's bright morn ensnare;  
And storms arise, and fierce the lightnings glare,  
And wild and high the raging billows roll,  
While sinks the heart a wreck in deep despair,  
Till, brightly o'er the dark and dreary pole,  
The Morning Star appears to the benighted soul!

It guides the bark across life's troubled sea, —  
It points the way unto the destined shore,  
Till, anchored in a blest eternity,  
It buffets with the howling storm no more.  
Be ours that star to guide us safely o'er !  
To us, O, may its precious light be given !  
And though the tempests beat and billows roar,  
And though we now by adverse winds are driven,  
We'll safely anchor soon in the blest port of Heaven !

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it follows the way now the children share  
The mother in a final meeting  
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He says that she is going to stay  
To see if they can get the things right  
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